

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## AT A CITY DESK.

O to follow the homing swallow  
Southward over the sunlit sea,  
Out of the squalor and soil and dolour—  
Come, some fairy, and set me free!

Bid me wander anywhere yonder,  
Done with cities and dust and din;  
Give me doing and swift pursuing,  
A life to lose and a world to win.

Aspens quiver by lake and river,  
And every leaf has a call for me,—  
And every flower, and cloud, and  
shower,  
And secret bower, and lonely tree.

Then let me dally by dale and valley,  
By velvet meadow and woodland  
way;  
Set me afloat in a plunging boat  
With sea-room out in the windy bay.

Set me glowing where gales are blowing  
Free from heaven on combe and  
crest;  
Give me the tussle of taut young  
muscle,  
The mountain inn and the ingle rest.

Put me astride of a horse to ride.  
And give me stars and a rolling  
plain;  
Send me laughter and strife—and after  
Let me pay, if I must, with pain.

O to shatter the things that matter—  
Hey for the revel and roundelay!  
Ho for roving, and life, and loving!  
O for Youth and a year of May!

*H. Greenham.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

## CAMPAIGNERS RETURNING.

Who are these, tramping tired down  
the dusty street,  
Silent yet tremulous as the incessant  
crowd they meet?  
And whence these worn faces, sombre  
eyes, slow feet?  
Tramping unsoldierly come ragged sol-  
dier-men,

Ragged, weary and mournful, as a  
spent wave when

It breaks upon the shingle and shines  
not again.

And look, from yon poor staff what sol-  
itary tatters

Flap in the wingless morn, as a late  
tree scatters

Dry leaves round; what are these hope-  
less human tatters?

Ah, in such poor tatters goes Glory in  
its height!

These are they who fought when hope  
was none in fight;

These are they who saw and strove  
with but Death in sight.

Home are they from fight, tramping  
to the self-same drum

That drummed them forth, those danc-  
ing men, who weary come

Trophied and tremulous, and they alone  
the dumb!

They alone dumb, amid a crowd that  
welcoming chatters

Of children, home, and friends, and  
happy trivial matters

To these tramping men weary as hu-  
manity's sad tatters.

*The Academy.*

## THE CONVENT OF SIANG-FU

BY LIU CHI.

(A.D. 1311-1375)

So I sprang to horse at cockcrow all a-  
fever to depart,

Galloped, galloped to the convent, ere  
the calling bells were still.

Over dimpled lawns a zephyr woke the  
lily's jewelled heart,

And the moon's faint crescent faltered  
down the cleft of wooded hill.

Oh, the lonely little convent with its  
secret haunts of prayer!

With its shadowed cells for dreaming,  
where Eternities abide!

Down the cedar-scented alley not a  
footfall stirred the air,

But the monks' low droning echoed in  
the green gloom far and wide.

*Translated by L. Cranmer-Byng.*

*The English Review.*

**AUSTRIA AND ITALY.****LT.-COL. à COURT REPINGTON, C.M.G.**

The military duties originally assigned to Italy by her partners of the Triple Alliance were, in time of war, to cover the south-west frontier of Austria, to detain a French army upon the Alps, and to fight for the mastery of the Mediterranean Sea. In other words, Italy's rôle was to enable Germany to attack France with better prospect of success, and to allow Austria, in case of need, to direct the greater part of her forces against Russia. In return, Italy obtained a policy of assurance against a French attack.

So long as her enmity with France lasted, Italy acquiesced, though without enthusiasm, in this arrangement. She does so no longer because Franco-Italian enmity is dead. Italy remains in the alliance business as a sleeping partner, but she has ceased to have much concern or interest in the management. Her aid is not expected with any confidence by her Austro-German consorts, neither is her hostility anticipated by France. The "enemy" of Italy to-day is Austria, her ally, and almost every measure of precaution by sea and land which Italy has taken for many years past has been directed against Austria. Similarly, Italy occupies a prominent place in the military anxieties of Austria, and much of the increase of Austrian garrisons in the south-west has been made at the expense of Gallician defence. The Press of Central Europe has been filled for years past with accounts of moves and countermoves intended to confer some military advantage upon one or other of these Powers to the disadvantage of its rival.

The diplomatic relations of the two States do homage to appearances, but scarcely veil the military antagonism

which is written large across many Acts of the respective Legislatures, across every plan for roads and railways, every movement of troops, and every new plan of fortification. A speech like that recently made by General Asinari di Bernezzo, and an episode such as recently took place in a Milan theatre, show the trend of popular opinion, but were not needed to emphasize the deep-seated rivalry which exists between the allied Powers.

The military facts of the case are pretty well known to all soldiers who keep their eyes open, but are less well known than they might be to the British public. There is little or no secrecy about them, and I do not propose in this article to break any new ground, but only to follow paths already thoroughly surveyed by the military Press of Europe. Every movement of Austria and Italy is duly chronicled by this technical Press. The object of each move is discussed, and the proper reply to it considered in the most open manner. Manœuvres are held in the frontier districts on each side under strategical hypotheses which leave no doubt at all as to their meaning, while experts discuss the zones of concentration, the lines of advance, the number of troops and ships that can be engaged in a given time, and in short all the moral and material resources at the disposal of the prospective combatants.

Superiority at sea, though more necessary for Italy than for Austria owing to the greater maritime surface exposed to attack on the Italian side, is very desirable for each Power. If Austria rules at sea she can seriously injure Italian trade, threaten Italian coasts, tie down many Italian troops to the defence of the peninsula and the

islands, and protect the left flank of an Austrian army marching into Friuli from the Isonzo. If Italy is mistress at sea she can concentrate all her land forces to the north-east, neglect her peninsula and insular defences, move forward through Venetia, and perhaps attempt a landing on a large scale on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. The character and scope of the operations which will be permissible for one Power or the other in case of war will depend very much upon the result of the conflict at sea.

The navy of Italy is numerically superior to that of Austria in ships, guns, and men, but this superiority is not so crushing as to deprive Austrian sailors of all fighting chances. With a Tegetthoff in command an Austrian fleet goes far. The tally of the Austrian Navy is not given in the Dilke return, but is given in the current number of *Brassey's Annual*. Commandant de Balincourt's *Flottes de Combat* for 1910, after eliminating ships without serious value, allows the effective Austrian fighting ships a displacement of 124,900 tons, and those of Italy 200,000 tons. It shows that the Italian ships have a great superiority in medium and light guns, and that Italy has 137 torpedo craft to the Austrian 72. Italy is also well ahead in her "Dreadnought" policy, and also in the construction of submarines and dirigible airships. The Italian Navy is a popular service and has been fortunate to escape many of the discouragements with which the Italian Army has had to contend.

For naval bases in the Adriatic, Austria has Pola and Cattaro to set against Venice and Ancona, if indeed the latter can be dignified by the name of naval base. All these ports have disadvantages well known to every one acquainted with their topography and existing defences. Italy, like Rome of old, from a maritime point of view faces west and south. Spezia and

Maddalina have little influence upon a war in the Adriatic, and Italian ports in this sea, other than Venice, are very poor. Comacchio, Ravenna, and the Bay of Manfredonia have in turn been suggested as war-ports to make up for the defects of Ancona, Brindisi, and Taranto, but little has been done to adapt them. On the Austrian side, Sebenico and the Gulf of Sabbioncello have also been studied but little has been done to improve them. It is Pola against Venice, but both Powers recognize that it will not be naval bases alone which will save them, but rather the efficiency of their sea-going, submarine, and air fleets and flotillas.

Austria-Hungary has a population of 50 millions to the 34 millions of Italy. Austria, with 1,700,000 trained men between the ages of 21 and 33, can place in the field at the outset of a war at least 48 divisions of infantry, giving, with other arms, 680,000 bayonets, 55,000 sabres, and 1700 guns exclusive of Landsturm formations. Italy, with 1,000,000 trained men aged 20 to 32, has at most 36 divisions, including 12 of mobile militia, with 550,000 rifles and 21,000 sabres. Italy's constant loss by emigration makes it difficult to reckon the effective strength of her reserves. Out of the Austrian peace strength of nearly 400,000 all ranks, about 70,000 men are quartered on the Italian frontier, and of these no fewer than 20,000 have been added during the last six years. The clever use made of Ersatz reservists by Austria during the frontier troubles of last year, shows that it is easy for this Power to expand her effectives without formal mobilization. The peace strength of the Italian garrisons facing Austria is about 45,000 men, excluding garrisons south of the Po.

The two Austrian Army Corps on the frontier are the 14th and the 3rd, with headquarters at Innsbrück and Graz respectively. Although all the garri-



son of the Tyrol must be considered mountain troops, it was not till four years ago that Austria created special troops for Alpine warfare and gave them the system of local recruiting and fixity of garrisons adopted by Italy in 1872 and France in 1888. The exact rôle of the Austrian frontier garrisons, in case of war cannot, of course, be stated, but the probability is that their main duty will be that of covering troops. In peace time they form a fringe along the frontier, while behind them are their reserves massed in groups of brigades at six different garrisons namely Trent, the upper Adige, Innsbrück, Klagenfurt, Laibach, and Trieste. The Italian frontier Army Corps are the 3rd, 5th, and 6th with headquarters at Milan, Verona, and Bologna respectively. The chief garrisons are at these towns and at Brescia, Padua, and Venice. Alpine troops occupy the frontier, while other *Alpini* from the French frontier are brought across from time to time to learn the ground.

The Austro-Hungarian Army is recruited from races which are nearly all good and some very good value for military purposes. The Army is well trained, flexible, and very fairly well equipped. It has completed its artillery re-armament with a good modern quick-firing field-gun and has a useful mountain howitzer nearly ready, and plenty of Schwarzlose machine-guns. It has, by half as much again, a larger Budget than the Italian Army and a considerable more numerous corps of excellent officers. It has an annual contingent which, until two years ago, exceeded that of the Italian Army by 61,000 men, and still exceeds it by 26,000 men. It has a much higher peace establishment, namely, nearly 400,000 to the Italian 250,000 or less, and its moral force is solidly established. It is a good staying army with plenty of initiative, and will al-

ways make its mark if led by chiefs worthy of their men.

The Italian Army, taken as a whole, is an army of recent creation. It was only in 1871 that General Ricotti organized the army on a national basis, and since that date the pinch of finance has beset his successors at every turn. The army also suffers from organic defects. It is recruited on a national basis but mobilized territorially, and changes of garrison, on a regular roster, are frequent. A battalion may be recruited from Piedmontese, Tuscans, Romans, Neapolitans, and Sicilians, but when it is mobilized it incorporates its reservists from the district where it chances to be quartered, and low establishments due to straitened means require that two reservists shall be incorporated in mobilization for every serving soldier. Thus the battalion is completed for war, *Alpini* excepted, to the extent of two-thirds of its strength by men to whom the name, number, and officers of the regiment may mean nothing at all. It is not reasonable to expect solid battalions from this system, which may have been necessary to consolidate Italian unity but has outlived its day.

Some of the military disadvantages arising from what Napoleon called the *vice radical* of Italy, namely, her geographical conformation, have been mitigated by the concentration in time of peace in the valley of the Po of a large part of the cavalry and artillery destined for the field army. But Italy suffers from inadequate communications and comparatively slow mobilization. The concentration of her field army in the north will not be a normal operation and in many instances Army Corps will reach the frontier before the reserves. All these circumstances combine to make political prudence a necessity of Italy's military position. Italy has much more need of earnest and sustained preparation for war

than of bellicose harangues which may drive her unready into war.

The number of picked troops in the Italian Army is far too high, amounting in all to 65 battalions of *Alpini*, *bersagliere*, and grenadiers out of a total of 282 battalions. The best of the annual contingent finds its way into these favored corps, and the rest of the infantry suffers from the fact. Artillery affairs have also been badly muddled, and Italy is not only backward in her rearmament but is also tributary to Krupp, as are so many of the unwise minor States. Promotion in the army is deplorably slow and the corps of officers has been seriously discouraged by the loss of interest of Italians in their army, while the lower ranks have been much dissatisfied with their lot. The Legislature is making a valiant effort to repair the neglect of the past, and is endeavoring to follow up some of the excellent recommendations made by the commission of inquiry which has recently investigated the condition and complaints of the army, but it is easier to damage than to restore the efficiency of armed forces. The Italian soldier is sober, handy, and enduring, but, the Piedmontese aside, he is not by nature a man-at-arms, and the army as a whole is insufficiently permeated through and through with the enthusiasm and confidence that win victories against odds.

The events of 1866 gave Venetia to Italy but left Austria in occupation of the crests of the Alps and the heads of the principal valleys. From Switzerland to the Julian Alps the frontier follows the crest of the hills at an elevation of 7000 to 10,000 feet. A mountainous zone some thirty miles broad separates the frontier from the Venetian plain. Except in the valley of the Adige there are few facilities for the movements of masses of troops across this part of the frontier. Between the Julian Alps and the Adriatic the char-

acter of the frontier changes. The ground gradually falls, and there are no uncommon obstacles to prevent the advance of a strong Austrian army into Friuli on a broad front.

The Tyrol juts out like a bastion into the Lombardo-Venetian plain. On its western flank three roads cross the frontier between Stelvio and the valley of the Adige. The eastern flanks of the bastion are more accessible and the broad valley of the Adige leads northward into the heart of the Tyrol. Between Kreutzberg and Tarvis the Carnic Alps are not crossed by any roads fit for wheeled traffic.

Austria has one double and three single lines of rail leading to the Italian frontier. Three of these lines lead towards the Isonzo and only one to the Tyrol by Innsbrück and the Brenner Pass. The Pusterthal railway connects the two fronts of deployment but is too near the frontier to be safely used for the purposes of strategic concentration. Important ameliorations of this railway system are now in progress; for example, narrow-gauge lines to improve the local network of the Tyrol, and other lines of normal gauge to increase the facilities for deployment near the Isonzo on the line Villach-Göriz. In this latter quarter detrain stations have been organized in modern style, and in this district 60,000 troops were recently assembled for manœuvres.

Italy has also three lines for a concentration on the line of the Brenta. The railheads for this purpose would be Chioggia, Padua, and Vicenza. For a more forward concentration in Venetia there are only two lines. With the exception of certain portions of one of these lines the railways are of single track. Like Austria, Italy is endeavoring to improve her railway equipment, and has devoted large sums since 1905 to increase her plant and to double certain lines so that a timely advance

to the line of the Tagliamento may become practicable. These new railways should be completed by 1912.

On the lower Isonzo Austria has no fixed defences, but near Tarvis a group of strong works bars the way to the valley of the Save. The Carnic Alps defend themselves, but from the Kreutzberg to Switzerland every accessible line of approach has its barrier fort, usually consisting of an armored work in some commanding position for long-range fighting and of an auxiliary barrier in the valley armed with quick-firing and machine-guns. Nearly all the Austrian forts have armored cupolas, and their armament includes from six to twelve guns and howitzers of medium calibre. Armored observatories, powerful searchlights, underground cables, and signal stations aid the defence. Besides the exterior line of forts, the Tyrol has a group of works at Riva, another at Franzensfeste to protect the railway junction, and finally a powerful fortress at Trent which serves as the keep of the Tyrol and is surrounded by a strong girdle of batteries and armored forts. This is a good enough system from the engineer's point of view but it has the disadvantage of disclosing in some measure the scheme of defence, and it is usually true that an isolated barrier fort is of little utility when the assailant's artillery comes up.

Italy has replied to the Tyrol batteries by a series of works intended to bar the exits by the chief roads. Verona on the Adige is a more ambitious place. It is the reply to Trent, and is surrounded by a girdle of forts pushed well out from the town. To the north-east there are the so-called zones of assembly in the upper valleys of the Astico, Brenta, and Piave, while north-eastward again come works at Agordo, Piave di Cadore, Vigo, and Osoppo. There are no modern fortifications east of the Tagliamento. There is little ar-

mor in these Italian forts, but a number of cupolas have been ordered and will in due course find their way into the works. On this frontier the old quadrilateral of pious memory has disappeared. Venice and Verona protect the flanks of an army assembled on the Brenta. The adventures of Venice upon land have not always been to her ultimate advantage, but with her modernized defences and many heavy batteries she pretends, in a war on this frontier, to play a distinguished part on land and sea.

The circumstances of the moment, that is to say the preoccupations which may prevent one Power or the other from bringing its whole strength to bear, can alone determine the exact conditions in which an Austro-Italian war will be fought. Provided that Austria is not threatened by any other great Power, an offensive campaign against Italy must be anticipated, even though Serbia and Montenegro take part on Italy's side. In this case it is probable that, after detaching adequate forces to overawe these smaller States, Austria will assemble her main army upon the Isonzo, will advance rapidly into Venetia, and will look to the garrison of the Tyrol to cover the right flank of the army. The first shocks between the main armies, other than cavalry and advanced guard affairs, may in this case occur between the Tagliamento and the Brenta. The result of these conflicts will decide the subsequent march of events.

The rôle of the Austrian garrisons of the Tyrol is to hold out against assaults until the main Austrian army approaches the Brenta, and then to come down from the hills and combine with the main attack. The events of 1866, in which year General von Kühn with 16,000 men victoriously resisted Garibaldi with his 40,000 volunteers, show that the Tyrol has good capacity for resistance. Von Kühn published

many years ago a little book which was a masterly exposition of the principles upon which the defence of a district like the Tyrol should be conducted, and it is on von Kühn's lines that the future defence of this district will not improbably be carried out. The threatening aspect of the Tyrol bastion leads some to suppose that it may become the sally-port of the main Austrian attack, but the inferior railway communications, the sparse means for feeding and moving masses of troops, and the divergent directions of the valleys which lead into Italy, do not greatly encourage this belief.

The nature of the case and the tendencies of Italian aspirations render an assault upon the Tyrol, and especially upon the Trentino, highly probable. Historical precedents, as well as common sense, show that an army advancing through Venetia to the north-east is bound to secure its left flank by clearing the hills. Italian successes in this enterprise are not excluded during the first weeks of a war, for a convergent attack from three sides is allowed by the number and direction of the roads of approach. But, if the pressure of the main Austrian army is felt in Venetia before the assailants of the Tyrol have secured a decision in their favor it may go hard with the Italians, and the larger the numbers sent against the Tyrol the smaller will

*The National Review.*

be the main Italian army and consequently the less its chances of victory in the decisive fights. It may be assumed that three weeks are at the disposal of Italy for this enterprise before the Austrians will be on the Plave in much strength. If again the Italians are successful at sea and are beguiled into the dream-strategy of a maritime expedition across the Adriatic, this will be so much to their disadvantage and so much the less weight at the decisive point.

It is useless to speculate upon events after the collision between the main armies, but there is this to be said in Italy's favor, namely, that national armies are most formidable in their own country. To reap the full advantage of this fact, which may be more strongly brought out in future wars than it has been in the past, it is indispensable that a nation should not be discouraged by Trebias and Trasimenes, but should realize that every step in advance adds to the invader's difficulties and increases the chances of successful defence.

The real difficulties of Austria should begin when her armies reach the lines of the Adige, the Mincio, and the Po, and these difficulties may be turned to good account by Italy if she keeps a good heart and secures for herself decisively the command at sea.

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### ON AN IRISH LOUGH.

A stretch of gray-green country, valley and mountain and lake-water, spread twenty miles south to the sunlight on Galway Bay. Between the bay and the hill we had climbed lay Lough Corrib, dotted with islands; at the foot of the hill, between patchwork strips of corn and potatoes, ran an arm of Lough Mask, and far to the north Lough Mask itself faded into in-

definite depths and spaces; you could not separate the blue air from the line of shore. The nearer islands rose high and solid from the level lake—Red Island rusty with bracken, Saint's Island crowned with trees; the distant smaller islands were set on the surface like ships, with their doubles as clear under them as if they were painted glass. Lough Carra, whose waters are

green from miles away, lay beyond Mask, and on the slope of a hill hardly seen, the sun, striking full on the white wall of some small cottage, lit it like a candle in full day. It was my first view of any broad stretch of Irish landscape, and looking at it from this hill above the little fishing lodge to which we had come from London a day or two before, I wondered what other landscape I could compare with it.

To pass from the monotonous grass and bogland of West Meath and Roscommon to the wild lake country of Mayo and Galway is the suddenest change. The breakfast train which takes the mails from the Dublin boat runs by green fields and through wastes of flat and desolate moorland; and then, beyond Claremorris, where you leave the main railway for the little branch line, the horizon breaks into hills, the hills grow into mountains: you leave the railway carriage for the jaunting car, the car jolts out along the road, you turn a corner, and you are in Ireland—in Ireland as she shows herself most clearly, at least, to an Englishman. Gray rocks, gray boulders, gray walls of stones; green patches of grass under the stones, grass grown in soil which those very stones hid but a year or two ago, grass which belongs, if anything in the world should belong, to the hands which piled the stones almost from shingle into walls. A few square yards of potatoes, strong and healthy, and sprayed, as you can see from the glaucous coat upon the leaves, with some solution of copper against disease; the color of the spraying on every patch as the car passes it sums up something of Irish history since the famine. Here, from the eastern shore of Lough Mask, you may look across at wild and rugged chains of hills, bare rock and heather above, and all, on their lower slopes, dotted and squared and patched with these little green lawns and these strips of potatoes.

Whitewashed thatched cottages sit comfortably by the potato-strips; there is somewhere an air of prosperity, for all the lack of money, about the crops and the well-thatched roofs. Here, by the roadside, is a white cottage, with its windows gay with scarlet geraniums grown in a wooden box; down the road, from the chimney above the geraniums, comes the faint reek of burning peat, that most unforgettable smell of moorland and of lonely villages. Here, walking shyly behind double panniers which stretch nearly the width of the road, a child drives a donkey piled high with peat, cut and dried from the rick. Further down the road a Connemara pony carries a man astride and a woman sideways behind him; a little further, and two strong barefooted girls stride noiselessly on the strip of grass beside the metalled highway. The shawls over their heads are gray, and their short skirts Turkey red; those are the old and natural fashions. Above all, above the Lough and the hills and the long road, are a sky and an air which belong to Western Ireland only; a sky of tumbled masses of cumulus cloud and great deeps of blue beyond them; a sky with three tones of blue in it, dark blue above, azure next, and the pale green-blue of a starling's egg to the horizon. Under it the air is strangely soft and warm; an air of siestas, of sleep in sun and a fanning wind; so indolent that no one on whom it blows should remember anything of work or any urgent needs at all; and there, with that idle wind blowing the peat-reck down the road, stands the monument of those scanty potato-patches and grass-land redeemed from rock and stone.

The air is of the south; and side by side with all the prodigious energy spent in converting the most heartless stretch of stony hillside into soil that can be dug and sown, there is a southern aversion from taking unnecessary



trouble, a southern acquiescence in things as they are. There is a Spanish laziness in the long Galway afternoons. It is not only in the indolent warmth of the wind; it is about the people, the cottages, the very cattle. The quays of Galway city and the inlets of the Galway coast have been linked with Spanish traffic for centuries. Spanish blood still pulses strongly in the life of the Galway countryside; you may watch some dark-browed, dark-skinned peasant ride in his soft black hat on his Connemara pony, and you may wonder how many generations separate him from the sea-captain of Cadiz. Spanish cattle even now graze on the poor pasture of the shores of Upper Mask; lean, mouse-colored beasts they are, and bad milkers, I was told. They had been brought from Spain some years ago, I learned; how many years, no one could say.

Two memories of that easy incurious acquiescence in facts as they are belong to my first acquaintance with Lough Mask. We had driven out one day to Cong Abbey, a ruin of the twelfth century, which stands on the shore of Lough Corrib. For myself, I was particularly anxious to see Cong Abbey, not because of the beauty of the buildings, but because stories of Cong Abbey belonged to very early days, told me by one who had visited the place perhaps thirty years ago. One was of the bell rung by the salmon caught in the Abbot's net set on the river; the plunge of the fish in the meshes rang the bell above the bridge, and out came the monks to take in the fish for supper. The other story was dark and half-forgotten, of a room with its floor piled with skulls; I could not remember why the skulls were there. We came to the Abbey and the river, and were shown how the salmon rang the bell; we admired the early Norman doorways, and I asked the pleasant, sad-faced woman who kept the keys of

the place if there was anything else to see. There was, she said; there was a building with bones and skeletons in it; something was going to be done about it, she believed, to give them proper burial. I looked in at the chamber she showed me, and there, at the further end of it, was the pile of skulls in the dark; a heap of bones half-way up the wall. Local records, no doubt, would show why these grisly remains were disturbed from their resting-place in the Abbey burial grounds; but what you cannot do is to get an exact date and an exact reason on the spot. The woman told me what she had heard from her father since she was a child, and somehow she managed to convey the impression that it was all as it should be; the bones had recently been dug up, and had been put there temporarily, until they could be buried decently as they deserved.

Perhaps stranger was an experience on our return from Cong. Not far from the Abbey the driver of our jaunting car pointed with his whip to what looked like a number of ordinary rocks by the roadside—a chance group of stones, common enough in such rough country. But the odd thing was that on many of the stones there were stuck small wooden crosses. Was it a burial-ground? I asked. No, he told me, not a burial-ground; but every funeral on its way to Cong stopped there and put up a cross. Why? He did not know; nobody knew. We drove on, and I noticed a sort of cairn by the roadside; the rocks we had just seen were natural stone, but this was plainly a monument built with hands. What was it? I asked. A tomb? That he did not know. But there was writing on it, he believed: an inscription to say what it was. Some said that the inscription was in the Gaelic; and then he had heard others say that it was some foreign language. I got down to look, and found on the faced



stone a dozen lines or so of plain English capital letters, begging passers-by to pray for the souls of John Joyce and his wife Mary, who died on the same date—August 12, I think—in 1708. What were the memories of that lonely cairn? Here, by Cong Abbey, you are on the borders of the Joyce country, that strip of land west of Lough Mask which was seized by the conquering Joyce family from Wales in the thirteenth century, and has been dominated by Joyces ever since. But the year 1708 was set in those merciless days when priests and papists went in fear of the informer and the spy, and if a man and his wife died in an hour in the Joyce country, there would be nothing remarkable in that. But how should history be put together in such places? He who drove us had passed the cairn scores of times, and never had stopped to look at the carved names.

Is it disinclination to trouble, or is it indifference to things not of living importance? The same mind which saw nothing worth stopping the car for in a heap of stones would be alert at once if the stones were to be used to mend the roads. I asked once a question about a new road which nobody seemed to use—a road which had been driven up over the mountain in a direction in which nobody wished to go. It was a foolish piece of work, I was told at once. It was relief work, and neither the men who metalled the road nor the gangers who looked after them were worth the money they were paid. He put indignant questions. Would the men work well when it was Government work they were doing? Would the gangers and the inspectors, who cost as much money as the road, mind whether the men worked well? He had thought of writing to say how the money was being wasted, but then they would ask, perhaps, who he was, and he would not wish to put himself for-

ward. Another argument which I liked related to a neighboring salmon fishery. Somebody had somehow acquired, or was going to acquire, the right of netting salmon in certain parts of the lough, and he saw at once what that would mean to the local fishermen. One of them argued the point with him; it was not worth while to interfere, since it was only proposed to net two of the bays, and the rest of the lough would be open to everybody as usual. Would it be so? he was answered quickly. Why would they wish to net only two bays? Why would they choose two bays? Wouldn't they be just the bays which the salmon would be lying in? Wouldn't they leave the rest of the lough and not net it, just because in the other bays there were no salmon at all? Those were questions unanswered.

Beyond all doubt, the work done on the land in this part of Ireland is prodigious. Every yard of ground on the lower slopes of the hills that is dug and sown has been reclaimed from bog or from loose rock; at what a cost in physical labor only those who have looked at land still unreclaimed could guess. You may see here and there, perhaps, some small green oases on the flank of the mountain with stretches of loose stone on each side of it; stretches of stone so hopelessly forbidding that the English eye simply turns away. The thing could not be done; land capable of being cultivated could not be made out of that. "Do you mean," you may ask, "that that little green field has been made out of a stretch of stones like the ground at the side?" "Indeed it has been," you will be told. "The people round here are very poor." "And another tenant would not mind tackling the stones on the land next to it?" "Indeed he would be very glad." But it is not only he, the tenant, who would do the work. It is his women folk. Nowhere, surely, can

women work harder or more willingly in the fields than here. They begin as mere children, walking behind their fathers, filling baskets with potatoes, loading up the donkey-panniers with peat. A little later, as young girls, they go into service, or to one of the lace-schools in the neighboring villages. Or, at all events, you do not see many girls from fourteen to twenty working in the fields: it is only here and there that you find a whole family, a father with his sons and daughters helping him to get in his potato-crop, perhaps; and then you may realize a little the position of women-folk in the rural community. The girls count the least; it is a strange sight to see these strong and graceful young creatures working barefoot by the side of their booted fathers and brothers. But that is the rule from the beginning; the girl-children go barefoot to school, and the boys in boots and shoes. It is the same at the end; it is the old women who work hardest of all; gray-haired and white-haired women, some of them sharp-tongued as witches, some sweet-faced and ready with easy blessings, tolling on their scanty root-patches, painfully fetching water from the lake or the well. One such vision of unremitting labor stands out from many. It was in the very heart of the Joyce country; we had driven out on a lonely little road beyond Lough Nafuoey, and had climbed up by the side of a waterfall which leaps over black rocks from pool to pool down the valley; there are trout, they tell you, even in the highest pools, though how trout could run up those perpendicular tumbles of water is not to be guessed. On the far side of the waterfall stood a tiny thatched cottage in a tiny strip of potatoes; the cottage was no bigger than a small room, nor the potato-strip wider than a garden bed, and among the potatoes an old woman was stooping. In an English village you would put her at eighty off-

hand; she dug in the potato-drills barefooted, and presently took a basket into the cottage. She came out and crossed the road, walking down to a patch of grass beyond; she called out as she went, not unmusically, and a goat lifted its head and dropped it to graze again; another goat had wandered some way off, and to that one she called threatening it as a nurse threatens runaway children. She had a gray shawl over her white hair, her short skirt was red, and all the while she walked and threatened her disobedient goats she kept on knitting at a gray stocking; she never bent her head to the wool, but her fingers never stopped; the stocking, perhaps, would be for her son. Would she pay rent for that cottage? I asked when we got back to the car. She would, I was told, she would pay; she had some sheep, too, up on the mountain. But she would not be as old as she looked. It was the hard life, and she would be about fifty or sixty.

The rent paid for some of these small patches of cultivated ground is astonishing. I noticed a fine crop of potatoes being taken up from a strip of ground on the shore of Lough Mask; there were perhaps a dozen hands working on it, men and boys and girls. Five pounds an acre they paid, but that, it was explained, was good corn-land. An interesting point was that the tenants farming that particular piece of ground did not live near it; they came from some miles away. There were other strips of farmland I was shown which were worked by men living even ten or twelve miles from their crops. Labor is cheap, of course; indeed, it may cost nothing, if a family can set to and dig their own ground and gather their own crops. But could anything be done more in earnest, with simpler thoughts for simple needs? If anywhere men and women live on the land, they live plainly here.

Two years ago I was in a little village in the deep of Joyce's country, and was looking at some ducks and chickens picking a rather scanty fare by the side of the road. They were not for the country people to eat; the people in these parts, you might learn, would not eat anything but milk and potatoes, and those chickens would be to sell; ninepence each perhaps. In the winter, then? They would sell nothing in the winter; they would go all the winter without seeing any money at all; they would just live on potatoes. That was before the days of old-age pensions, and if the poverty of it seems shocking, let anyone in a mind to bewail the lot of the Joyce-country peasantry stand and watch the bare-legged children came tumbling out of the little village school. He will not see such limbs in every English village.

An English stranger, to be sure, would come at the meaning of such a life very slowly, if he ever came to understand it at all. Few strangers go by those roads and fields; how few, he who walks alone out over the bog may discover; the children will run from him. It is quite disconcerting to step over a wall or come round the shoulder of a hill, and to see two small children run weeping to catch hold of their sister's skirt; still worse, to surprise some little creature so that its only way of retreat is cut off, and it cannot get back to safety. One single garment it may wear, and that perhaps without buttons, for all clothing. Then it places knuckles in both eyes, and he who was walking runs. "Sure, it would be very bashful," you are told on returning to the fishing-lodge, and very bashful the children remain. You may see them sometimes, when they catch sight of you from a distance, quickly hiding before you come near, behind a rock, under a hedge. They might learn in time, but it would take long. My wife came to an acquaint-

ance, after a week or two, with some little children we used to pass every day standing by their cottage door. At first they would shrink into the dark of the room, and you could see them peeping over each other's shoulders; at the end of our time they would stand outside in a group, red-frocked and wide-eyed, with a pig or two in the mud beside them, and a dog at their feet growling at the dog with us; they would smile, but not speak.

It is easier not to feel yourself a stranger with the old people. The courteous old men who never pass you without remarking that it is a fine day, or a soft evening; the old women driving their donkeys, or carrying, perhaps, a grandchild baby bundled up in a shawl—they, possibly, have seen more of the world than Connemara, and you are greeted frankly enough. But the younger life of the places eludes and hides. The children grow up slowly, and you are never more of a stranger than when they have just left childhood behind them. That may not be peculiar to Connemara; the reason may be much broader and simpler, just, in fact, that you are not so young as they. But it is a shyness, somehow, that is very pretty to see; it is a graceful nervousness, rather than the shyness of lack of manners. We were coming back to the lodge one evening, and heard in the distance unaccustomed music. We turned the corner of the road, and there, a couple of hundred yards away on the bridge over the stream was a piper piping a jig, and a dance in full swing; there were a dozen or so of boys and young men, and girls dancing with them. It looked like a sort of Sir Roger de Coverly affair, with the boys and girls coming down the middle in turn; it was the merriest thing we had seen. And then suddenly it all stopped; the couples dropped their jigging to a walk, backed to the parapet of the bridge, sat on the

parapet or stood silently aside; the music kept on for a moment and that was silent too. We came down the road—there was no other way—and crossed the bridge; only the piper spoke a word. As we went over the bridge there came running round the tura of the road another little group of girls, five or six, laughing; they had heard the piper's music. They caught sight of us and checked; their eyes were all alarm; then they turned and fled back down the road. The only thing to do was to get away from the bridge as soon as possible; but it was a long time after we had returned to the lodge that we heard the piping across the water and looked out and saw the boys and girls jiggling away again.

The Joyce country has had its tragedies; cruelties which are difficult to forget; crimes which have left their trace on the country-side to-day. You may climb a hill and look out one side to Ashford, beyond the smiling valley of the Upper Mask; you may look on the other side over Maamtrasna Bay to the quiet of Derrypark, and the very names insist on their memories; the knowledge of them is seared into the very life and meaning of Joyce's country and Connemara. Yet if I try to set down the characteristics of the people whom I met in that part of Galway I think first of three, honesty, hard work, and love of sport. The three may not always go together, but neither of the last two is without the first. Sport there may be, for any in Joyce's country who can find time for it, on those broad waters; hard work there must be for the laziest, on that stony soil. The southern incuriousness immanent in the mind of the native is urged to strenuous labor in face of the stark truth staring at him that if a man will not work, neither shall he eat. My chief acquaintances were boatmen, and boatmen, doubtless, are happiest in the fishing months with nearly every

day a day of sport, even if it is someone else's sport to watch and assist at. No very ambitious man, perhaps, would be a boatman on an Irish lough, but no very lazy man could row a boat-load all day long and be sorry to come home in the evening. Those who rowed me, I found out, were masters of other trades besides managing a boat; one was a builder, another a mason, another could do anything, from putting a roof on a house to imitating a goat so that you turned to look for one; all were farmers. As for honesty—using the word in the conventional sense—one does not praise the honesty of one's friends; but you will meet nowhere men more genuine or more in earnest to please you. I had read a good deal before I went to the west of Ireland of Irish poachers; I suppose most people have read a little. All I can say is that during the whole of the time I was here, shooting over a big stretch of heather, bog, and woodcock covert, I never heard a hint of a suggestion of any kind of poaching whatever. Why should there be poaching? Nobody had a gun. If anyone had a gun, he could not shoot snipe or grouse on the open moor without everybody for miles knowing all about it; nor are snipe and grouse particularly easy birds to hit. He might snare hares? But again, why should he? Nobody in those parts would eat a hare. The plain fact is that the ground is not poached, and, looking broadly at the whole life of the countryside, and particularly at the careful way in which the men themselves preserve the fishing which is free to everybody, I do not see why you may not claim that there is no poaching simply because the country-people are naturally quiet and law-abiding. I was in Connemara just after one of the worst outbreaks of cattle-driving in two neighboring counties, and I asked one of the boatmen about it. "I did read of it."

he said. "Yiss, and the Bishop of Tuam be told them that it was foolish and wrong, and there was to be no more of it at all. He did." There could not have been a simpler answer.

The boatmen themselves look after the fishing. Years ago there was every form of poaching conceivable, or, rather, what is now regarded as poaching was legal fishing. Nets, cross lines and otters, all were used mercilessly; the last an atrocious arrangement of a weighted plank rigged up with coarse lines and flies and towed behind a boat. To-day many of the peasants who live on the shores of the lough are not only boatmen but bailiffs, and they have the very best of reasons for preventing poaching; they are protecting their own livelihood. The more visitors who come to the fishing lodges and the inns near the lough, the better the wages of the boatmen wanted for rowing. It is not only the boatmen who benefit. The better the fishing on the lough, the more fishermen likely to come to the lodges, and the greater the demand for eggs and chickens. The Connemara chicken, by the way, is not as other chickens. He exists in large numbers; his mother makes her nest where she pleases, and leads her young cockerels afield to find their own living. Consequently the family does not grow big or fat, and when the cockerels are killed they are served up six or so in the dish together, perhaps one for each person dining. They are not trussed; they thrust protesting legs; there is an air, somehow, as if they had been shot while bathing.

I have not fished on Lough Mask in the spring and early summer, when the biggest trout are caught; all my experience has been autumn fishing, when the best fish you are likely to get on the fly will be, perhaps, four pounds. In the spring you may get the heavy trout on the troll; eight- and ten- and twelve-pounders on a small spoon-bait,

or a phantom, or a gold Devon. But the autumn fishing, with the smaller trout, is pleasant enough. Bags vary, but a basket of ten pounds is a very fair day. More fish, probably, are caught on the troll than on the fly, but trolling is to my mind a deadly dull business. There is a sense of ease and repose, at first, in being rowed out over the level, sparkling lough; there is an atmosphere of generous space about the little boat travelling silently, except for the splash of the oars and the thump of the rowlocks, on those broad waters, and there can be a thrill which belongs alone to trolling when the stone set on the looped line clatters down to the bottom boards, the reel screams, and the tugging rod-point jumps to the pull of a pound trout, or, just possibly, a twenty-pound pike. But I think nobody who cared for fly-fishing would wish for much trolling. The repose turns into monotony; the inaction of it tires as idleness must tire. Besides, with the troll the fisherman has matters too much his own way. He must use strong tackle, or the jerk at the bait added to the pull of the heavy boat would snap it; and there is always a chance, too, of a really big pike, which will take some holding. But with the strong tackle the pounders and two-pounders have no chance. The poor little trout is reeled up rather than played, and he deserves better than that.

Fly-fishing with a light rod is best. Dapping, with a stiff bamboo rod and a silk blowline, has its own charm, and needs more than a little skill, but its disadvantages are many. In a light wind and a warm sun it is pleasant to drift down the side of the lough, and pretty enough, too, to watch the daddy-longlegs dance about the ripples; but it is one of the most exacting forms of fishing in the world. The daddy is the most uncontrollable of baits; a puff of wind lifts him from the ripples high in the air where no fish are, a sudden



calm drops him lifeless, another puff jerks him up just as a boil below him shows a rising trout; the boat drifts on, and you are over the trout and cannot get the bait to the fish again. If you are to be a skilful dapper, none of these things must happen; but the most skilful of all cannot escape tired eyes. To stare for half an hour at a time at sunshiny water, or at those white milky ripples which come with certain cloudy skies, is not much less difficult than to look into the eye of the sun itself. Fly-fishing is easier; at least it does not exact a vigilance followed by inflammation. But it is better, too, because of the action, the choice, the freedom of it; the rhythm and play of the rod, and the light fall of the line. You can cast where you please, when you please, or not at all; and you know where your fly is without having to look for it.

But there is a fascination in the rougher fishing and rougher waters. I suppose all these large Irish loughs have their legends of monster pike; fish of weights beyond a plain man's measuring, fish to be carried on an oar between two boatmen—that being the classical way of sizing up the enormous. It is true there is no more than legend to go upon. When you ask for authority at first hand, for witnesses of weighing, for measurements of girth and length taken as a fisherman would surely take them, the monster fades into vague distances and shadowy afternoons; he will never lie stark on the butcher's scales with the butcher to prove the story. I duly came to the expected legend on Lough Mask, and I own there is no unassailable reason for believing all the details; but still, somehow, I do believe them. The story belongs only to two years ago, and it was of a visitor to Lough Mask who in the deep water near one of the islands in the middle of the lough hooked a fish which he knew for a monster at once.

He could do nothing with it, and when he tried to do something, the trace went. Next day, being rowed again past the island, the same fisherman hooked the same fish, and the same thing happened. He went home and took thought; made the strongest trace he could put together, returned the next day and trolled a half-pound trout over the same water, and had the monster on again. This time he meant to get him into the boat, but into the boat the pike never came. "He could do nothing with him. He could make no impression on him at all. It was like hooking a sheep, he said. Once he got him up and saw his back, and it was like a donkey, he said. He could do nothing with him at all." So the story was repeated. He tried his best, and suddenly the fish went clean under the boat and the rod snapped on the side. He who failed thus knew a big fish when he hooked one, I was told, for he had caught a thirty-eight pounder in Lough Conn a week or two before. "But how did you hear all this story?" I asked the boatman who was rowing me. "How did you first get to know about this big fish?" "I was in the boat, Sorr," he answered.

So I came fairly near the monster alive in Lough Mask. I tried for him myself, of course; I was rowed out over the ground twice, but I never hooked anything like a sheep. The only fair-sized fish I got was on a day when I did not even mean to fish. It was an October day of full sunshine, without a cloud in the sky or a ripple on the water, and it was Sunday. The boatmen went to Mass in the morning, came back, and were anxious to start fishing; they would be fishing always, and if you go to Mass in the morning you fish in the afternoon, that being the rule. It was better to lunch out of doors than in, and so we took lunch out to an island, and afterwards lay looking at the water. The sunlight was over all



Lough Mask; the mountains and the chasms of Maamtrasna were bathed in sunlight; the lough was a long level of light to the farthest islands, and we lay among rocks and white clover and heather with bells as large as bees, and had no wish to go anywhere or do anything at all. The boatmen thought differently. They stood uneasily where they had been sitting; then they went and stood by the boat. We had to move, and we went out on the lough most reluctantly, trolling a two-inch spoon; and then, before we had gone five minutes, there was a yell from Pat, and I was playing a big fish fifty yards away. He leapt clean out of the water three times like a salmon, once quite close to the boat; at last Tom had him into the boat, Pat let out a whoop to be heard for miles, and Tom reverently placed his cap on the pike's head before hitting it with a stone, so as not to damage the skull. It was not a monster, but was nearly twenty-six pounds, and it was only because the boatmen were anxious to exhibit the fish to others that they would row home. Otherwise their desire was to row till dark, with the idea of catching another.

That was the ruling principle with every kind of sport. You could not have enough of it. You may go out on the lough and find that there is very little use in fishing, or you may want to leave off early for some other reason, and then you may tell your boatmen that you wish to go home; but you will not get home because of that. You will find that your way home is by various drifts, at strange angles, round the shallows of unsuspected bays. Sometimes you will be heading straight away from home, and you may or may not draw attention to this point. The result will be pretty nearly the same. It is easier to get home from shooting, but shooting, too, is an occupation not to be lightly abandoned. Snipe shooting does not stop when you are tired.

A snipe gets up and you miss it, or another snipe escapes being shot at, cuts zigzags in the sky a quarter of a mile away and drops to the bog again. "Do you think you know where it came down then, Tim?" you may ask without much enthusiasm. "I am sure I do. Sorr," Tim replies with an even voice and sparkling eyes, and the way for you lies out from home again. But I think the bird which aroused the deepest energies of all when I was shooting by Lough Mask was a pheasant. It was a bird with a reputation. It had baffled all who had shot at it for years, and its plumage was beyond other birds most glorious. We were beating a wood for woodcock, and outside the covert I was suddenly aware of a change in the spirit of the chase. The beaters' voices were hushed; there were whisperings, murmurings, hurried words of caution. "What is it?" somebody called. "'Tis a phisant," I heard. The word came that I was to be warned; I was warned. Then the pheasant, hiding in a bush, was urged to fly. He flew out with a clatter, a yard above the ground, along where the line of beaters should be, and he was duly missed when he got to the open. The shot went harmlessly out over the bog, and the pheasant turned the corner. Over the stone wall leapt Pat with a yell of triumph; his stick was high above his head, his face was crimson, and his eyes blazing; he searched the wood, the bog, the horizon. Then he went sadly back into the wood again. But his sadness was not prolonged; it was not five minutes before he was beating the bushes with fresh energy. "Shure-hi-cock-cock! Shure-hi-cock-cock!" is what the beater's cry sounds like, and he keeps it up till it is clear that no woodcock can be in front of him.

Two stories belong to the memories of Lough Mask; two out of many forgotten. One is of the driver of a train

on a branch line near. I asked why the train took so long crawling up from the junction. "It does take a long time," I was answered. "I've timed it. And one day when I was down at the station I says to them, I says, 'Why doesn't he drive faster?' And they told me, 'Sure,' they says, 'he's getting old, and he's getting fat,' they says, 'and he doesn't drive as fast as he did,' they says. 'But,' I says, 'tis child's play to turn a lever,' I says: 'why doesn't he drive faster?' 'Sure, he's getting old and fat,' they says, 'and he doesn't drive as fast as he did.'" The other story is of a clog-maker. They shape clogs from the alder-wood on the shores of Mask—clogs for work-girls in Liverpool—and a boat-load of clogs had been given to a young clogger, inexperienced with boats, to take across a corner of the lough to be loaded up from the road. I heard what happened the next day. "When the boat got to the point, it came into the wind, and he said it began to kick widout reason." This dismayed the clogger, who at once anticipated shipwreck. Land was in sight, only a few yards distant: the wind blew, the boat rocked. He therefore leapt from the boat into twelve feet of water, clothed as he was, and swam to shore. He

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was a good swimmer. He said he was afraid the boat would be upset, so it was explained to us. And we met the clogger a day or two after, on the road going home, when our two boatmen were with us. The clogger advanced with a deprecating smile. The two boatmen stood still and burst into a peal of laughter. So he, still with a deprecating smile, passed on.

The day for leaving those quiet western places comes soon enough. Connemara assures her visitors of a good send-off. All the boatmen will be up at the fishing lodge on the morning to shake hands and wish you God-speed and a safe journey; all who are not out fishing will wait at the lodge door to see the jaunting cars loaded up, to shout heartily as the ponies trot off, and to wave caps, handkerchiefs, aprons, anything, till the car turns the corner of the road. A little farther, and a dip in the highground shows the lodge again across the bay, and high by its roof waves a square of white; Tim has tied the table-cloth to a pole. A mile or two more, and the rocks and mountains change for trees and fields; the meadows widen out, and the fishing lodge, the heather above it, the curlew in the wind, the sunlight on the lough are memories of an Irish autumn.

*Eric Parker.*

## THE SEVERINS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

*Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER I.

The Crescent, which was on the north side of Regent's Park, was not a sociable Crescent. The people living in it did not know each other and at first none of them knew the Severins; but they all took some interest in persons who were outwardly so unlike themselves. From the beginning they decided that the family at the corner house was respectable, and that its odd ways must be put down to its "foreign"

blood. There was no father of the family. He, it was soon ascertained, had died respectably and had been buried respectably less than two years ago. But the widow did not wear widow's weeds. She was a tall, slim, untidy looking creature, and when she went out she wore a purple cloak. The Crescent had never seen a widow in a purple cloak, and it gaped at Mrs. Severin till it heard her name. Then it subsided as the inquiring mind will

when it has received a satisfactory explanation; for in this country you may do as you please if only you will call yourself Severin and not Smith.

But if the Severins had known that their neighbors called them either odd or foreign they would have been deeply hurt, for intermittently they prided themselves on being English to the core and just like other people. Besides the widow in the purple cloak there were three daughters and one son; and the eldest daughter was called Mrs. Crewe. At first the Crescent supposed her to be a widow, for Mr. Crewe was never forthcoming; but the postman, who delivered letters from South Africa at regular intervals was informed by the maid-of-all-work that Mrs. Crewe's husband was in Natal and that she had not seen him for several years. The separation did not seem to affect her spirits or her beauty. One of the odd family ways was to leave the drawing-room blinds up when the lamps were lighted so that any one passing could see what was going on inside the room, and every evening the Severins had what some people in the Crescent called "high jinks." Sometimes one of them would come to the window and see two or three persons outside listening to the music. But they never drew down the blinds and shut the window when they saw this as any true-bred Briton would have done at once. It did not seem to disturb them at all. So various people in the Crescent soon had some acquaintance with the different members of the family and could have told you that Mrs. Crewe was the prettiest of the sisters and that her name was Clotilda. She had a charming voice and a flashing smile, and several young men in the Crescent became her admirers. In time one or two of the boldest persuaded their women kind to call at the corner house in the approved English fashion, but the results were not all that could be wished. Miss

Jenkins, for instance, came back scandalized, and told her nephew who had urged her to the venture that in future she would rather keep to their own country people. She was not used to foreign ways and could not be expected at her time of life to take to them. At four o'clock in the afternoon she had found Mrs. Severin in a dressing-gown. No, she was not ill. On the contrary, she was smoking a cigarette and reading a French novel. Horrid, Miss Jenkins called it. Besides, the steps had not been cleaned for days, and a window frame that Miss Jenkins knew had been cracked in March was still cracked—in May! She could not countenance such a household. Perhaps, as Sydney said, a little slackness in domestic affairs was not a crime; nevertheless, if Mrs. Severin did not return her call Miss Jenkins thought she would survive it.

"Did you see the daughters?" asked Sydney Jenkins.

"I did not," said his aunt. "Perhaps they were still in bed."

"Has Mrs. Severin returned your call?" he asked a few days later.

"She has not," said Miss Jenkins, and next time he asked she gave him the same answer, and again after that. It became evident in time that Mrs. Severin did not mean to return Miss Jenkins's call.

"The woman probably does not know that it is incumbent on her," said Mrs. Jenkins. "I opine that she has never lived in civilized society."

When his aunt "opined" Sydney Jenkins knew that argument was useless; and it was with considerable trepidation that he told her one fine evening a little later that he was going to the corner house to hear some music.

"You are going—to the corner house!" said Miss Jenkins. "Pray where did you meet the persons living there?"

"In the tube."

"Where?"

"Tube—Piccadilly Circus—yesterday—and of course we knew each other by sight—and you have called—it would have been rude not to speak."

"Who spoke first?"

"Oh—well—she apologized for her mother—said she never would pay calls—but if I liked to come in any evening for some music—and I'm going to-night."

"When you say 'she' which of the family do you mean?" asked Miss Jenkins.

"Mrs. Crewe—the little dark one—with laughing eyes."

"Why is she not with her husband in Natal?"

"I'll ask her to-night," said Sydney, who considered that he had a sarcastic tongue.

But next day when he came down to breakfast he told his aunt that he knew all about Mrs. Crewe's marriage without asking. Mrs. Severin had told him the whole family history. Mr. Severin had been in business, she said, but he had not prospered because he was too clever for his work.

"What rubbish!" said Miss Jenkins, for Sydney was in business and was not getting on very fast, and she did not wish him to think he was too clever for his work.

"He died two years ago and they had to leave a nice house where they had a croquet ground and a conservatory. Mrs. Severin says they grew their own grapes."

"That does not explain why Mrs. Crewe is not with her husband—in Natal."

"Oh, that's all right. He went to South Africa to carve his way and he hasn't carved it yet. She was married when she was twenty."

"Were other people there last night?"

"Yes," said Sydney gloomily. "Foreigners. I couldn't understand half their jabber."

"You learnt French at school."

"All foreigners aren't French," said Sydney; and then he had to run for his train.

The other person in the Crescent who called on Mrs. Severin was a Mrs. Henderson. She was egged on by a musical son, but she was not musical herself, and she did not think that the most commanding genius in any line would excuse Mrs. Severin for washing her drawing-room curtains in the middle of the afternoon.

"If a woman will open the door to you herself and take you into a room where the young ladies with their sleeves turned up are pinning out curtains on the carpet you can't help passing judgment," said Mrs. Henderson.

"Perhaps it is a foreign custom," said her son; but Mrs. Henderson said she did not see how that made it any better.

Meanwhile Mrs. Severin went her ways, and had no idea that she was criticized by her neighbors or that she had driven two of them to speak of her as a "woman." She never thought about her neighbors or watched them or expected to know them. She would have told you that she was too busy and too full of care. She certainly ought to have been busy from morning till night, for she had four children at home in good health, and hardly any money; but although she talked of all there was to do she did not get much done. She was as full of care as a woman of her temperament could be, because she found it impossible to live on her income. But some time ago her cares had been lightened by news from Michael, her elder son, whom she had not seen for years. He was coming to live in London, he said, and if his mother had room for him he would come straight home on his arrival. He did not say what he was going to do in London and he did not say a word about the joy he felt at the prospect of joining his family again. He wrote a

short business-like letter on a sheet of business paper. The name of the firm he had served since he was a boy was on the top of the paper, but Mrs. Severin thought that as he was coming to London he must be leaving his employers, and she supposed that he had made a mess of things. The youngest girl, Camilla, who could remember her elder brother though she had not seen him since she was ten, asked why he should have made a mess of things; and Mrs. Severin could not answer except by saying that in her experience people usually did.

"Our family never gets on in the world," she said. "Things go wrong somehow. Bob, go and do your lessons."

Bob did not move. He was absorbed in Gamage's catalogue, the only book he had ever been known to study with application.

"Even if poor poor Michael has made a mess of things he may be able to earn his living and help us a little," continued Mrs. Severin. "In the letter to which this is an answer I told him that when he received it we should not have a penny in the house for food."

"I expect you have said that in every letter for years," said Selma, the second girl. "He is used to it."

"Well, this time it is true," said her mother. "Mogson called this morning and said we should not have another leg of mutton till I had paid something on account. I asked him if he had ever read 'The Merchant of Venice,' and he got quite rude."

The family was sitting together in the front part of the double room that with the narrow passage and the staircase occupied the whole of the ground floor. A grand piano took up a great deal of space and the rest of the room was furnished with chairs and tables bought years ago for a larger house and all more or less shabby.

"I wonder whether we shall like having Michael to live with us," said

Selma, who was much taller than her sisters and not as good humored. She wore her dark hair in a fuzzy mop on either temple, she had a deep contralto voice, and she dressed in vivid colors that became her, but made her the cynosure of every eye to such an extent that Bob refused to walk out with her.

"If he will help me to pay the butcher I shall like it very much," said Mrs. Severin. "You all take your dinner for granted in such a heartless way. Where do you suppose I should have got a leg of mutton if I had not been able to say that my son from India was coming home to-night and would pay for it to-morrow? Bob, why are you listening like that? Go and do your lessons."

To the surprise of the whole family Bob actually did as he was told. At least, he went out of the room. The process known as "doing his lessons" was carried on downstairs and consisted chiefly of skirmishes with Harriet, the maid-of-all-work. This evening, however, an unnatural quiet prevailed below.

"I'm going to have my birthday supper on Sunday, whatever happens," said Mrs. Crewe, "and I've promised Deminski that if it's fine we'll have it in the garden."

Mrs. Severin did not seem to hear what her eldest daughter said. She was restless and preoccupied, now looking out of the window at the street, and then walking the length of the two rooms to the other window which faced part of the garden. It was natural, she knew, that Michael's sisters should look forward to his return with curiosity rather than with affection, for he had left home twenty years ago when Clotilda was five, Selma three, and before the younger ones were born. But whatever life had made him he was his mother's first-born, and she hardly knew as she waited whether to expect the little child she had loved or the

grown-up man she hardly knew. It was a cousin of Mr. Severin who had taken a fancy to the boy and had persuaded her English husband first to ask him to live at their house in Manchester, then to pay for his schooling, and when the time came to take him into his own business and see that he had a good commercial training. The Wests had never formally adopted the boy. They had sons and daughters of their own. Michael's separation from his people had come about gradually and without definite intention. He had got into the way of spending his holidays with the Wests either at Bowdon, or in summer at the seaside; and when he went into business it was first in Manchester and then in Paris. After that came the call to India and seven uninterrupted years there. The Severins had never contributed a penny to his expenses since he left home, and they had not made strenuous efforts to see him often. There had been brief occasional meetings. Just before he left for India, for instance, he had spent a few breathless days at home, buying his outfit, seeing the partners of the London house, seeing what he could of London, going to the theatre, and in the intervals making the acquaintance of his family. That had been seven years ago, when they were living at Broadlands, the semi-detached villa with the croquet-lawn and the conservatory. Compared with the present state of affairs those times seemed prosperous.

"When he was here before we did know where to buy a leg of mutton," said Mrs. Severin, stopping short near the piano. "It is rather hard that the poor boy should have the whole family on his shoulders the moment he comes home."

"How do you know he will have any shoulders?" asked Selma. "If he is in a scrape he may be as hard up as we are."

"Or he may want to marry and buy his own legs of mutton," said Mrs. Crewe.

Camilla, the youngest girl, contributed least to the discussion. She had taken her chair close to the window and was darning stockings, but at every sound in the street she looked up, hoping that it might be Michael. Selma lay at full-length on the hearth-rug doing nothing. Clotilda was also unoccupied, but she did not lie on hearth-rugs. Her air was brisk, her eyes provocative, her figure slim and neat. She was better dressed than the others, because Tom Crewe sent her a regular allowance, and though she helped by fits and starts with the legs of mutton, she spent most of her money on herself.

"I wonder what Deminski will think of Michael?" she went on. "He says he hates the idea of finding another man always here."

"He can't object to a brother," said Selma.

"Oh. I don't know. I was not speaking from that point of view. So far there has been no master of the house here. A man may want to boss things."

"He won't boss me," said Selma.

"I wonder what Michael will think of Deminski," said Camilla's young musical voice. "He may not like him at all."

"Sh!" said Mrs. Severin, coming to a standstill again and holding up her hand. The sound of wheels became plainer and as the girls rushed to the window a cab laden with luggage stopped at the house. From the cab a tall young man descended, and it was seen that he wore a long travelling coat. After a swift glance at him the girls ran after their mother into the hall. The glance had shown them that the seven years in India had done a good deal to change the fair fresh-colored young man they all remembered



clearly. He was tanned with his sea voyage, but no longer fresh-colored. He looked fully his age, which was thirty, and as he came slowly up the steps with a bag in one hand and a bundle of rugs in the other the girls all felt that he came too slowly for their expectant and impatient mood. Mrs. Severin perhaps felt this too, for she ran over the threshold to meet him. As he was carrying things she could not exactly throw herself into his arms, but she caught hold of his coat and kissed him on both cheeks in full view of the cabman and the Crescent. To do this she had to stand on tip-toe and he had had to stoop a little; as he did this the girls caught a twinkle of surprise and amusement in his grayish blue eyes. When his mother released him he came further into the narrow hall that seemed to be crowded with handsome and smiling young women.

"I suppose you don't know us apart?" said Clotilda, as he put down his bag in order to take her outstretched hand. But it seemed that he did.

"You are no more alike than you were seven years ago," he said as he shook hands with the others and kissed them in a brotherly way. "I think Selma is taller than ever, and Camilla has grown up. But you were never much alike."

"Why have you left India?" asked Mrs. Severin, when he had paid his cabman and sat down with his family in the shabby drawing-room. "What has gone wrong?"

"I am coming into the London business," said Michael.

"Then you have not left the old firm?"

"Rather not."

"And there is nothing wrong?"

"I hope not. I've just been made a partner."

He made this startling announcement in the most matter-of-fact way in the world. He spoke with a slight

drawl and rather slowly, but clearly and well. His speech, like his movements, was less wide-awake than his intelligent eyes, and it was as refined as his manner and expression. Clotilda knew already that he would never have much traffic with Deminski. Selma though she could foresee what his prejudices would be. Camilla watched him with fascinated eyes.

"I have been made a partner," he had just said, and he saw that his mother and sisters were gasping and incredulous.

"A partner?" cried Mrs. Severin, whose married life led her to expect any business communication to be news of fresh disaster. "You must be dreaming, Michael!"

"I think so myself sometimes," he said. "I've been pretty lucky. It's only a small share at first, you know."

"Did you like India?" asked Clotilda.

"Oh, India's all right—but I'm glad to be in England again."

"I thought society in India was just as narrow and ignorant as it is here," said Selma.

"Perhaps it is," said Michael, glancing at Selma with amused attention. Then he turned to his mother. "What time is dinner?" he asked.

"We have had dinner," said Clotilda.

"We have it at one," said Selma, "when there is any."

"But there is plenty of cold meat in the house to-night," said Mrs. Severin. "I thought you might be hungry."

"I am rather," said Michael. "By the way, where is Bob?"

Camilla, who had hardly spoken yet, said that she thought he must be out, as they did not hear him. But as she spoke there was a loud prolonged knock at the door, and she flew to open it. A confused jangle of surprise, rebuke, and explanation took the others into the passage, and Michael, looking over the shoulders of his sisters, saw a fair-haired boy with the mouth of a

saint and the eyes of a sinner valiantly trying to lift a small bicycle over the trunks still cumbering the ground. Every one shrieked "Bob!" in varying notes of anger and astonishment, and Selma pounded on the bicycle and tried to take it from him.

"He has been to Spooner's and bought it," said Camilla, looking quite frightened.

"He must take it straight back," said Clotilda.

"It is not to come into the house at all, you wicked child," said Selma.

"Spooner must be out of his mind," said Mrs. Severin.

"He isn't," said Bob, struggling as he spoke to get his machine further on. "He made a fuss at first, but I told him it would be all right. It's a cheap one."

Selma, Bob, the bicycle, and everything else in the hall now seemed to Michael to be inextricably mixed together, and he was not surprised when a sudden tug in opposite directions brought the combatants and the machine with a crash to the ground. Selma picked herself up immediately, but Bob, still hugging his hind wheel, set up a howl of grief and anger.

"None of us can manage him," said Mrs. Severin, through the din, to her son. "He does exactly what he likes, but this is beyond everything."

Then she turned to Bob again. "How could you do anything so wicked?" she said. "You know there is no money in the house to pay for it."

"I don't see what difference there is between a bicycle and a leg of mutton," said Bob, shaken by sobs, but speaking quite clearly enough to be heard. "He's just as much my brother as any one else's. I only said to Spooner what you said to the butcher."

The mother and daughters looked at each other uncomfortably.

"Come upstairs, Michael," said Mrs. Severin to her son; "I'll show you your

room. Camilla you must go back to the shop with Bob and explain that there has been a mistake."

"I won't go!" cried Bob.

Michael followed his mother upstairs; and the sounds of a lively squabble pursued them till they arrived at a back bedroom on the second floor.

"I'm glad you've come home," said Mrs. Severin, looking anxiously at her son now that they were by themselves. They sat down together and tried to bridge over the years that separated them. But it was not to be done in a moment. "I miss your father dreadfully, although when he was alive he spoiled the children more than I did. But somehow things have gone from bad to worse in every way since he died. I'm afraid you must have noticed what Bob said about the butcher."

"Yes," said Michael, "but I didn't understand."

"I had to promise to pay the butcher what I owed or he would have sent no meat to-day. But I can't pay him unless—I didn't mean to bother you about such things to-night, Michael."

"You don't bother me," said Michael, and his voice was so kind that it comforted poor Mrs. Severin instantly. "I guessed from your letters that I had better come home. I might have got rich quicker out there, but since my father's death you seemed to have no one much——"

"You may save us all from going to the devil," said Mrs. Severin with suppressed emotion.

"My dear mother!" said Michael.

"Clotilda is going to the devil," said Mrs. Severin, "and Selma would if she had the chance!"

## CHAPTER II.

Michael looked round the room that had been prepared for him in his mother's house. It was more comfortable than he had expected. There was a

good bedstead, a roomy wardrobe with only two handles wanting on the drawers: there was a shaving glass and a solid washstand. These things had evidently come down from more prosperous days, when Mr. and Mrs. Severin had married and furnished their house with stuff warranted to wear. The bizarre colors he had observed in the drawing-room and in his sisters' clothes were not forced upon him here. The carpet had no color left in it, and the curtains were nondescript. He looked out of the window and saw a patch of garden with ragged-looking grass, untidy flower-beds, and some rickety old wicker chairs under the one shady tree. What his mother had just said about his sisters should have given him a shock, but although he had been away from his family since his tenth year, he had enjoyed occasional peeps at them, and he had always been in correspondence with his mother. He was therefore in some measure accustomed to her sensational method of imparting information that had more root in fear than in fact. She had constantly announced impending tragedies in one letter, and only allowed him to deduce from information in the next that they had not come off. When, for instance, he had heard by one mail that Clotilda was not expected to live many hours, he knew that she must have taken a turn for the better, because a few weeks later a letter brought him news of her betrothal and forthcoming marriage. When Camilla had measles he sent a cheque for her funeral expenses, as Mrs. Severin had written to say that she must sell her watch to cover them; and he was delighted to find that the money had served instead to give the whole family a seaside holiday. He had sent money home at regular as well as at irregular intervals ever since his father's death, for he knew that his mother had small means and no management. But apparently what he had

sent had not been enough to pay the butcher's bill. As the young man unpacked and put away his things his new responsibilities began to take shape in his mind. He had come to a household that he must not only maintain but in some ways reorganize. If the butcher was a regular institution why was there no dinner? He was as hungry as a hunter but he had not heard a gong; nor had the neat English housemaid of his fancy brought him hot water. He heard a good deal of noise going on somewhere below, and after ringing in vain once or twice he went downstairs. Just outside his mother's bedroom he discovered a grimy young woman with a torn apron and a cap set awry on her tousled hair. She was watching Bob, attired in a gauze vest, turn admirable somersaults on his mother's bed. She giggled foolishly as the boy made a dash from the room that was meant to upset her and just failed; and then she suddenly became aware of Michael.

"I'm putting Master Bob to bed, sir," she said with a clutch at her cap.

"So I see," said Michael, and asked for some hot water.

After some delay it was brought to his room in a tin that had apparently been enamelled by amateurs who liked frequent and violent changes of color; but the water it contained could only be called hot by courtesy. A little later when Michael went downstairs again he heard voices in the basement, and when he sought them he found his mother and sisters at supper in a little sitting-room next to the kitchen. Never in his life had Michael shared in a meal so badly served and so untempting. The family fortunes had steadily declined since his childhood at home, and Mrs. Severin made scarcity of money an excuse for many discomforts that capable people, however poor, keep at arm's length. The cloth was not clean, the glasses were dull, the loaf was

cut anyhow, the butter was melting and shapeless, the mutton looked underdone. As he sat down, Camilla, to whom he had hardly spoken yet, stole a swift glance at him, a glance of distress and inquiry. Her sisters were conducting a heated argument about the rendering of a phrase in a song by Brahms, which they proceeded to sing against each other as noisily as canaries. They both had voices of amazing power and sweetness, and they both, so it seemed to Michael, sang with their whole bodies. At any rate their expressive faces and their waving hands lent dramatic intensity to their performance, and when they stopped it was only to take breath, to call each other abusive names and then to begin again. At last Clotilda clapped her hands so loudly that for a moment she startled Selma into an indignant silence.

"I tell you that Deminski says it is as I sing it," she screamed, "and what Deminski says is right."

"I wish you wouldn't always quarrel about music at meal times," said Mrs. Severin plaintively, "at any rate you might let us have a little peace to-night. I don't suppose Michael is used to such ways."

"I don't suppose Michael knows a thing about music," said Selma, who for no reason that he could gauge seemed hostile to him.

"You're both right," he said cheerfully.

"What do you do yourself?" said Clotilda helping herself to pickles. Michael helped himself to pickles too, and to London bread and to cold underdone mutton. It was a revolting meal, but to his own surprise he was soon eating it with the indifference the others seemed to show for the food before them. He had answered that as regards music he did nothing and could not even say whether or not he had a voice. His confession made a stir that amused

him. The three pretty girls all talked at once as was apparently their way, and they all talked to him. Their subject was his latent musical powers, and he could not have guessed that it was one charged with so much excitement and such gorgeous possibilities. He promised that when they went back to the drawing-room they should try his voice, and as the name of Deminski came again and again to his sister's lips he asked at last whether Deminski was a musician. Mrs. Severin blinked at him when he said this, but he would probably not have observed her if Selma had not nudged him.

"Sophia wishes to tell you something that we are not to hear," she said, and thus diverted her mother's attention to herself, for Mrs. Severin's total want of control over her family did not prevent her from administering rebukes as downright as they were ineffectual. Michael discovered therefore that his mother had the poorest opinion of Selma's manners and sense of filial duty, and that in spite of her repeated prohibitions, all her children, even Bob, addressed her as Sophia.

"What am I to do?" she inquired. "When I don't answer it makes no difference. They just say 'Sophia's on stilts,' and think it a joke. What are you going to call me, Michael? I object to Mother. Mummy or Mamma; but the worst of all is Mater. That I could not stand. Arthur Henderson is always talking of *THE MATER*. I seem to see her on the sands in August, very large and stout and rather hot. Perhaps you had better call me Sophia too. After all I'm used to it."

"We'll see," said Michael, inwardly resolving to do nothing of the kind; and then Selma said that supper was over and that if Sophia had no objection they would adjourn.

The rest of the evening was passed upstairs at the piano, where Michael proved to his sisters that he could not

sing, and then sat down comfortably to listen. But before he did so he went to the front window and pulled down the blind.

"Why do you do that?" said Selma.

"Because people can see in."

"None of us care. We would rather be seen than stifled, wouldn't you?"

"No," said Michael. "I would rather be stifled. Besides—there—is—the back window—I'll open that."

He walked across the room and did so. From the front window he had seen a man standing close to the outside pallings and now he waited and watched a moment because he had an impression of another slipping behind a tree.

"I believe there is someone in the garden," he said, putting his head out.

"Sh!" said Clotilda, coming up behind him. "That is really why we leave the blinds up. They can hear better."

"But who are they?"

"Oh! Young men who live near. They come and listen to our music."

"Perhaps we had better invite them in!"

"We do sometimes," said Clotilda.

"No wonder they hang about," said Michael politely, but though he left this window open he drew down the blind. Then he sat down beside his mother and answered her questions about India; but he saw that she did not pay much attention to his answers. Her mind like her letters seemed to be vague and wandering.

"What do you think of your sisters?" she said suddenly, just when in response to her request he was trying to describe the architecture of the Taj Mahal.

"They are even prettier than I remembered," he replied, but when he went to bed he tried to answer his mother's question more fully to himself. What did he think of his sisters? There was no doubt about their beauty.

but there was also no doubt that they were oddly benaved. Michael had expected out of his early experiences to find a happy-go-lucky ill-kept household without discipline or method; but two or three hours' experience of it had done more than all his fancy pictures to show him what it was really like. He had been out in the world long enough to know that he was going to make a success of his work. He had learned to take responsibility, to overcome obstacles, and to deal with men. But he still had to learn how to deal with a household composed of five women and a child.

He began next evening when he came from the City, where he had had a satisfactory interview with his senior partners, and had received an invitation from one of them to come to his house in Rutland Gate on Sunday afternoon and be presented to his wife.

"Where are you staying?" Mr. Walsingham had asked.

"With my mother and sisters," Michael had answered and had given his address.

"Oh! very pleasant," Mr. Walsingham had said politely, but as Michael let himself in at the door he wondered how far Mr. Walsingham's picture of his junior partner's home differed from the reality. He found his mother in the drawing-room smoking cigarettes. She told him that the girls had gone to a concert and that Bob had left her no peace till she gave him a shilling for the Zoo.

"Have you had tea?" said Michael, for it was not five o'clock yet and he wanted some.

Mrs. Severin said that she had had coffee with the girls after lunch, but that she would order some for Michael. So she went to the top of the stairs and shouted to Harriet, who shouted back again.

"Are the bells out of order?" said Michael when she returned.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Severin. "We never ring them. Harriet doesn't like it. She expects us to call down the stairs. I'm very sorry, Michael, but she says she has just made up the fire and you can't have any tea. She is a girl with a temper, you know, and I told her we should not want any this afternoon. It always upsets her when we change our minds. What shall we do?"

"Perhaps the best thing to do would be to get more civilized servants," said Michael. As he spoke he rang the bell, and soon after Harriet appeared scowling like a fury.

"Tea," said Michael, and though the girl bounced out of the room she did not speak.

"I wonder if she will bring it," said Mrs. Severin.

"I am sure she will," said Michael, and in ten minutes she did. Meanwhile he explained his wishes for the future to his mother. He would like an early, punctual breakfast, he told her, and if she did not mind the trouble he wished to dine at eight every night.

"I don't much like the house," he owned. "I don't like that horrid little downstairs room close to the kitchen; and the whole place looks out of repair."

"It is," said Mrs. Severin. "Any house would be after Bob and Harriet had lived in it a year. Whenever Harriet is out of temper she knocks bits off the paint. I chose dark paint because I knew what white paint looked like at Broadlands. I daresay you have noticed Bob's hands."

Michael admitted that he had.

"He hates washing," said Mrs. Severin placidly. "I don't know what you are making Michael, but these changes you want will be expensive, and I never have a penny somehow. If it had not been for you and Tom Crewe we should have died of cold and starvation this winter. You have no concep-

tion what we have been through."

"What has Crewe had to do with your expenses?" said Michael.

"He sends Clotilda money every month, and she has helped me out sometimes. She used to do it regularly until she began to dress up so much for Deminski. If Tom knew how his money was spent he wouldn't half like it, but none of my children ever listen to what I say, so I've left off arguing with them."

"Why doesn't Clotilda join her husband?"

"He begs her to in every letter. He says he could give her a comfortable home now. He has got on very well. In his last letter he actually sent her passage money. . . ."

"Well?"

"She spent it on clothes, and said nothing would induce her to go out to a man who called her Tilly. The truth is that both the girls are in love with Deminski. It is most unlucky."

"But my dear mother!" cried Michael. "If you disapprove of the man why have him in the house?"

"You must be old-fashioned in India if you can ask a question like that. Do you suppose I have any authority over the girls? They do just as they please. Besides Clotilda is a married woman."

"But her husband's not here to look after her."

"I can't help that," said Mrs. Severin.

"Who is Deminski?"

"Our best friend," said Mrs. Severin tenderly, and she could not understand why Michael jumped.

"Then you don't disapprove of him?" he said.

"I love him," said Mrs. Severin, "when he plays the violin he brings tears to my eyes, and when he talks I could stay up all night to listen. He calls me his mother, and he says that outside these doors lies the cold world."

"The question is," said Michael, "do



you want him here or don't you?"

"I do and I don't," said Mrs. Severin.

"That's awkward," said Michael.

"Yes, it is," admitted his mother. "I'm devoted to him, but when I told you the girls were going to the devil I really meant Deminski. You see he has such advanced ideas."

"What sort of ideas?"

"Oh! the usual sort . . . about love and marriage and such things; I agree with them in theory. I believe in self-development, don't you know, and the freedom of the individual and all that, and yet when I think of poor Tom Crewe . . . slaving away out there and believing in Clotilda . . . I suppose I'm rather narrow."

Michael saw that his mother's mind was in a confused state of anxiety and self distrust. He asked when he was likely to see Deminski, and was told that he had promised to come to-morrow (Sunday) evening in honor of Clotilda's birthday.

"She has bought chickens and champagne for supper . . . out of her passage money," Mrs. Severin complained. "It really isn't right. There's Bob."

Bob was announcing himself by knocking as loudly and as rapidly as he could at the front door, and Michael rushed out to open it and stop the insufferable noise.

"Don't you ever do that again," he said to the boy.

"Why not?" said Bob, staring as if he could hardly believe his ears, for every one he knew nagged at him, but no one ever spoke with command.

"Don't ask why when I give an order," said Michael, who knew nothing of children and education, but who had a grain of sense.

"Why?" said Bob from force of habit, and with a shrill whoop he flung his school books on the passage floor and scuttled down the kitchen stairs. The

usual sounds of expostulation from Harriet and uproarious enjoyment from Bob soon reached the drawing-room.

"Harriet likes Bob," said Mrs. Severin. "I think it is a pity to let her go. When he makes faces at her she makes worse ones at him and laughs. The others said he was not a young gentleman and gave notice."

"Bob ought to go to school," said Michael.

"He does when he gets up in time," said Mrs. Severin.

"I mean to a good boarding-school."

"He would never agree to that. Besides, it would be expensive."

"I will pay for it," said Michael, "and the only consent I want is yours."

"I daresay Bob would be the better for it," sighed Mrs. Severin. "He is beyond me. But Deminski thinks that you only ruin good material by educating it. He says he admires my system with my children more than any he knows."

Michael's silence might have informed his mother what value he set on such an opinion coming from such a quarter, but Mrs. Severin was not accustomed to interpret silence. She was used to people who screamed their opinions at the top of their voices and with the aid of their hands and arms. However, their *tête-à-tête* was ended by the return of the girls, accompanied by their young neighbor Mr. Arthur Henderson whom they had apparently met in the concert hall. He confessed on impeachment that he had spent most of the previous evening on the pavement listening to their music and that Sydney Jenkins, who, he said, had cheek enough for two, was in the back garden.

"I thought it was you in front," Selma said. "If I had been sure, I should have fetched you in."

"But you drew down the blind," said the young man.

"My brother did that. Never mind.

Stay to supper now and fetch your 'cello after supper and we'll play till three in the morning if you like."

"Yes, do," said Clotilda, "I'll sing to you."

In appearance Mr. Henderson was a hobbledehoy and in manner he was awkward and unformed. You could not tell from his reply whether he was delighted or embarrassed by this invitation, but he mumbled something about having nothing better to do and he stayed on. So, after blinking in vain at her daughters and sighing audibly, Mrs. Severin got up and left the room. Michael, who had observed her evident distress, followed her.

"What's the matter, mother?" he said.

The Times.

"There's nothing for supper but the mutton bone and Selma knows it as well as I do. Is it likely that we should have anything fit to eat on a Saturday night?"

Michael could not help laughing. "Can't you send for things?" he asked.

"I could send Bob to the cookshop for ham and pressed beef," she said, "but I gave him my last shilling this afternoon. He would have it."

Michael put money into his mother's hand and went upstairs. He felt that he would wait for further acquaintance with Mr. Henderson till he had to act as his host at supper; and, on thinking it over, he decided that he would shortly enter into correspondence with his brother-in-law, Tom Crewe.

(To be continued.)

## THE PARIS BOOKSTALLS ON THE QUAYS.

### BOUQUINEURS ET BOUQUINISTES.

Les boulevards, c'est la vie même de Paris et comme son "Petit Journal." Mais les quais, c'est son passé, c'est son histoire, c'est sa véritable bibliothèque.—Claretie.

The existence of the historical old stalls on the Seine parapets, as well as that of the famous Morgue, "*la chapelle ardente de l'infortune et du crime*" (Nodier), is threatened. For many years the prefect of the Seine has refused to grant new licenses for stances on the right bank, and very few survivors are left there. Now there is some idea of abolishing this interesting feature of old Paris altogether. Yet the queer, lazy, picturesque, if rather dirty, *bouquiniste* seems to the eye to have survived the Bourbons, the Revolutions, the Empires, and, like Ninon, though long past the allotted span, to preserve the vigor and life of youth. Singularly placid and apparently free from worry is this—more often than not female—philosopher of the open air. He has to trust the dishonest rogue and the pro-

fessional thief to spare his poverty and respect his confidence. He seldom grudges the thirsty but soulless scholar a drink at the classical fountains of his treasures. Elia writes with affection of "the poor gentry who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls;" and describes Martin B—snatching the most fearful joy of his life as he thus managed to finish two volumes of *Clarissa Harlowe* before being sent about his business. An old man confessed to Flammarion that he had in this way got through four hundred and fifty pages of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, not exactly light reading either.

On the left bank the *bouquiniste* extends from the Gare d'Orleans end of the Quai d'Orsay, formerly the marshy Quai des Grenouillères, to the Halles aux Vins. Usually from forty to eighty years old, but so lined and dirty that it is hard to guess his age within

ten years, seated on a straw-bottomed stool, indifferent to the constant current of air which passes up or down the river and which probably prolongs his easy life, much wrapped up, worried by no fixed eight hours of labor, but opening and closing when he pleases or thinks a turn on the quays will tempt his clients, there he is year in, year out, stolid and moderately prosperous, enjoying his often cultured ease and cheered by the greetings of innumerable friends and gossips. "*Les mêmes êtres maniaques, biscornus, et brise-raison, les mêmes bohèmes échoués, les mêmes braves gens philosophes, les mêmes pauvres diables ignorants, ou, enfin, les mêmes érudits surprenants et modestes*" (Uzanne). Like the mariner, capped and dressed for the roughest weather, he ever stands on the bridge watching over the frail cargo, spreading the sails to the favoring breeze, and making all snug in the storm; while in summer he lazes like an Italian beggar, enjoying the *far niente* to the envy of the busier throng. They are temperate as a class, if you make allowances for the trials they perforce endure—extreme heat and cold, slush, gales, dust-storms, and thunder-plumps; and you cannot but envy their frugal but savory picnic-meals. Here in a sense an author is judged during his life, and many a *magnum opus* is hawked about for a few sous. Here is the Morgue of the celebrities of the hour. The *bouquiniste* is no respecter of persons—or, rather, of authors. He is the reflection of the laws of supply and demand, and many are the rude shocks he administers accidentally to the mutual admiration society type of author. Uzanne, however, would rather find himself exposed in a box on the solid granite of the parapet, like an *enfant trouvé*, stained by dust and weather, "*où la Seine semble frôler sa glauque robe de soie*," in the heart of the exciting, stormy life of Paris, than niched in an

ebony burial-chamber in a millionaire's library.

Nodler prematurely announced the death of the *bouquiniste* about eighty years ago: "Finished are the days of incunabula at two francs; Verard has a crown and some original works of Molière at six sous each." Parison, "*le roi des bouquineurs*," bought a Caesar of Plantin with Montaigne's autograph for ninety-five centimes, which realized one thousand five hundred francs. There are many visitors to Paris like the Lord Spencer who spent a year in Rome without visiting anything but the *bouquinistes*, and returned at once happy to London when he had acquired the *Martial* of Sweynheym and Pannartz of 1473. Books could be written about the bargains made on the quays, but space forbids us to linger. Nodler with his last six sous bought *Le Songe de Poliphile*, printed at Venice by the Aldi, and got one hundred and thirty-five francs for it. It is true that Aldine editions, Caxtons, Elzevirs, &c. are now impossible rarities, and Uzanne says that even in 1892 the fine printing of Barbon, Coustellier, Guerin, Latour, Didot, Baskerville, Bodoni, Brindley, Foulis, Tanson, Martyn, &c. was very scarce. Still, men like Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman loved nothing better, when in Paris, than to renew their hunt on the quays for a rare prize, and to have another literary talk with their favorite gossip. Many a precious volume can still be found by the poor lover of books to be a joy for ever and the cause of quaintly increased self-respect.

It is tempting to recall the quays on the right bank and on the islands (where were many *étalagistes*) under the older names, the great events they witnessed, and the famous or infamous spirits who lived and died there. The people's visit to Versailles, and their return with *le Boulanger*, *la Boulangère*, et *le petit mitron*, along the Quai de Passy;

la chaumière, where Tallien loved in secret; Madame Roland's old house on the Quai de l'Horloge, which she could see on her last sad journey to the guillotine—(here France's first clock was stationed, and here the first signal for the massacre sounded; here was the centre of the optician and later of the photographer); the Quai aux Fleurs, where the fuchsias show their *rouges clochettes*, and where Zola lingered to breathe the first violets and the early wallflower; the old Quai de la Cité, where Heloise lived: "*cela sentait le clergé d'autrefois et l'on aurait dit qu'un autre Claude Frolo avait fait d'une de ces demeures sa curapace*" (Claretie); the Quai des Orfèvres, formerly covered with stalls offering the art of the goldsmith and church-plate, recalling the Ponte Vecchio of Florence.

Second-hand manuscript stalls were doubtless common in the great days of Rome, but it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that they appeared in Paris. The Pont Neuf (about 1600 thrown open to commerce) was the Eden of the *étalagiste*, as he was at first called. The term *bouquin* was introduced from Holland about the middle of the eighteenth century. Fournier describes the two long parapets of the bridge as covered with books and forming a huge hospital at one time, where the great unsold exposed their miseries and appealed for alms. The vendors were persecuted and abolished at times through the jealousy of the regular bookseller up to 1829. In 1650, to the grief of the poor student and lover of *belles-lettres*, fifty were driven from this bridge alone. By 1692, however, the quays, as to-day, were covered with not only books, but china, shells, coins, jewelry, medals, old armor, and every kind of curiosity. These stalls were often the humble origin of great booksellers, and equally often the last refuge of the ruined librarian.

The Quai Voltaire, formerly Des

Theatins, and the Quai Malaquais were once the favorite promenade and rendezvous of the best society. In Victor Fournier's charming book on old Paris you can see pictures of the beauties of the day here showing their fineries, ivory fans, panniers, patches, &c., attended by their pages, who held up their trains. The conjurer was staged here.

Uzanne believes that the word "*charlatan*" was derived from the scarlet (*scarlatano*) robe of an Italian drug-merchant who practised at the end of the Rue de la Dauphine, facing the quay. River fêtes, concerts, gingerbread and other fairs, were centred here. The rage of the day for tight and slack rope marvels was, however, the great feature. Mademoiselle Saqui, who crossed the river on a wire, the Furiosos, and others are often found in the pictures of the period.

Molière lived in the Hôtel Conti, where the Hôtel des Monnaies now stands. Fournier relates a pretty tale of Bonaparte taking Marie Louise to see the attic at No. 5 Quai Conti (where he nursed his starving ambition after leaving the Ecole de Brienne), and the old bookstalls where he found the dry bones of mathematics, of history, of statecraft, with whose aid he afterwards remodelled Europe. Alas! the marble plaque with gold letters on the house had to be removed in 1869. Auguste Vitu proved this a dream. The only foundation for the story was that he often did visit, while at the Ecole Militaire (which he entered in October 1784), M. de Permon, father of the future Duchesse d'Abrantès, better known perhaps as Madame Junot. Through M. de Permon's influence with the governors, he often got leave on some such transparent subterfuge as a sprained ankle, and spent a few days, or even a week, at No. 13 Quai Conti, sleeping in the attic at the left angle of the house on the third story. This was

the old Hôtel Sillery, now occupied on the ground floor by the Librairie Pigo-reau. As Caïn says, the view from it was a fairy one: barges and bargemen, dog-barbers, bargee-barbers, lines of patient fishermen, picturesque and ever-tolling washerwomen, customs officers, bathers all round the Pont des Arts, besides the life of the quays, and to the right front the wonders of Notre-Dame and old Paris. Here the young cadet faced the old palace of the Louvre, in which his early dreams became realities, and from which he altered the face of the world and imposed his will and his family on the thrones of Europe.

At the corner of the quay and the Rue de la Dauphine stood the first Café Anglais, a famous *cabinet littéraire* about 1769. It was founded by Bechet, whose descendants almost to this day have been famous booksellers in the district. Sterne's adventure on this quay with the pretty housemaid who was seeking "*égarements du cœur et de l'esprit*" will be readily recalled. Copies of his books both in French and English are very numerous, and I have picked up some charming editions. Many *bouquinistes* were specialists then as now, but one had a monopoly for the sale of sentimental works—a curious arrangement not in force now, when the most abominable sties all over Paris unblushingly appeal to the decadent idiots of the day with their vulgar and poisonous trash.

Greuze discovered his future wife in the assistant at a bookstall on the Quai des Grands Augustins, and Diderot tells us some anecdotes about her. Restif de la Bretonne, in his poetic prose, recalls "*la belle libraire*" and "*la jolie papetière*."

On the Quai Voltaire lived Horace Vernet, at No. 15; and at No. 11 Ingres the painter died. Here also lived Denon, Prud'hon, Alfred de Musset, President Perrault, Chamillard, Gustave

Droz, and Gluck. Voltaire died at No. 27, in the hotel of his friend, the Marquis de Villette. His body, in a dressing-gown, was lowered from a window at night, and taken, in the bottom of a *berline de voyage* (30th May 1778), to be buried at the Abbaye de Scellières in Champagne. Ultimately, in 1814, his bones were stolen at night, with Rousseau's, from the Panthéon, and thrown into a hole at the river-side, near the existing Rue de la Bièvre.

Part of the Hôtel de Mailly, where Madame de Châteauroux, Louis XV.'s mistress, lived, still exists, and the room she died in can still be seen, with its quaint *médallions* on the ceiling.

Fouché, who served so many masters, survived so many political cataclysms, and died Duc d'Otranto in the odor of sanctity, may be said, in a sense, to have governed France from the Quai Malaquais, where he occupied the great Hôtel de Juigné, whence went the condemned to the prisons of the Temple, the Conciergerie, Vincennes, and afterwards to the guillotine. Fouché's wife, Bonne-Jeanne, a near relation of Robespierre, and his family were his pride and his happiness; and in days of greatest power he shared one room with his family and lived the simplest life, working harder than any of his servants.

Sardou describes the booths on the Louvre side of the river, round the ruins of the old church of St. Thomas-du-Louvre and the Prieuré, where Gautier and De Nerval installed their "*Bohème galante*." Owing to the decadence in art and the bad taste following the Revolution, the marvellous works of Cochin, Moreau, Boucher, Lavreince, Fragonard, St. Aubin, Prud'hon, Boilly, Isabey, &c. were offered for sale daily for almost nothing. What chances for the connoisseur at the end of the eighteenth century! What a saddening sight must the old banks of

the Seine have furnished, littered with the treasures of centuries of curious knowledge and intelligent acquisition! I hardly jump with envy, as Uzanne puts it, as I read of how Madame de Genlis saw here the loved and well-bound books of her friends, stamped with their arms; and even the portraits of dear ones, who had suffered all the agonies and wrongs of the Revolution, and exhaled, by their hideous death, the crimes of their feudal ancestors. A lucky *coup* made by a clever *bouquiniste* at this time is described by Fournier. He learnt that the fine religious library of the château of Sceaux, after the massacre there, was to be sent to the arsenal and used in cartridge-manufacture. He arranged an exchange *en route* with the carriers, and sold the priceless library in England. The rarest books were often stolen by valets and servants during the Revolution, and were exposed in panniers on horses in the markets among the onions and cheeses for next to nothing, and sold to dairymen to wrap butter in. The nightmare of Horace was realized:

Ne . . . . .  
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et  
odores,  
Et piper, et equidquid chartis amicitur  
ineptis

(Epist. II. i. 269).

Manuscript memoirs, unique prints, and other valuables have thus been destroyed in quantities. Men like Montmerqué, Laboudrie, Barbier, Peignot, Lacroix, and Victor Hugo were constant pilgrims in this land of poetry, culture, and romantic song about 1830, which may be termed, perhaps, the end of the golden age of the *bouquiniste*, who was often, like Achaintre, a ripe and famous scholar, who learnedly annotated the books he sold. Along the quays, singers of ballads and romances gathered the *bouquineurs*, workmen, *flâneurs*, and students together. Many

loved the collecting of rare and beautiful books; some, like the gallant Grolier, with unspoilt illusions and his motto, "*Grolierii et amicorum*," on their shelves; others, like the experienced librarian of the Arsenal, Charles Nodier, wrote:

Tel est la triste sort de tout livre prêté:  
Souvent il est perdu, toujours il est  
gâté.

Few stances are open in the morning, and hardly any before 10.30; but it is the pleasantest time to hunt, as you are not elbowed about by the afternoon crowd, and there is less dust and noise. Often in the morning, though the cases are open, the vendor is conspicuous by his absence, and a *confrère* is perhaps looking after three or four lines of cases. The whole business strikes you at first as exquisitely casual and confiding, and almost like comic opera. If the price of your fancy is marked and no "Pst! Pst!" produces an owner, you leave the money on the open box, as at a newspaper-kiosk. Truly an astonishing custom—old as the river almost.

In 1866 Baron Haussmann wanted to transplant the stalls and Haussmannize the bonny banks of the Seine into clean, bare, cold granite parapets. Napoleon III., however, made a personal investigation, and after an interview with the ancient Père Foy, whom he discovered warming his hands at a stove in which he was using as fuel the *Conquêtes et Victoires des Français*, gave up the project, and the veterans of to-day scoff at the rumors now current. Uzanne raves through many pages about this Foy—why, I can't conceive. The boss of a paid claque at a theatre, he became an incapable *bouquiniste* till a lucky fire yielded him six hundred pounds of insurance money, on which he long existed without an attempt to clean either himself or his stall of rubbish. He is a blot on Uzanne's really admirable book (so charmingly illus-



trated) on the quays. Elsewhere I have come across anecdotes of this old horror's sty, which he and his pet rats shared. The rats were fattened up and devoured as required, being skinned and cooked, before the survivors, in oil and with all sorts of refined *gourmandise*. The historians and gossips of the siege say the result was excellent, but somehow the picture of the old man does not edify me.

Uzanne mentions that Durand, on the Quai d'Orsay, made by his stall more than six thousand *livres de rentes*. Ten francs is said to be an average day's sale. Another father of the house of *bouquinistes* was Père Malorey, who died in 1890, aged eighty-two, after sixty-two years of active work on the quays. He always stuck to his prices, I remember. Many, almost all, take less than the marked price; and when the price is not marked the unmistakable foreigner will often be asked ten times as much as the wily vendor will take. That is the great difficulty in dealing with these people. Rather pathetic is the sketch of a rival "father" who, though younger, started the business a year earlier. Père Debas became slighter and more frail as he grew older, while his boxes became so empty that, with a bit of wind, a flight into the river seemed the probable end of both. To the last he was happy, and mended his loved books, or read them learnedly and philosophically, when he could not sell them. He loved the past, and would pour out all his erudition for his favorite priestly clients, who could appreciate his knowledge and charm.

Bears like Charlier, who would not allow you to touch his books, are rare. Naturally some, like Lécivain, become masters of physiognomy, and judge almost infallibly whether a client is badly bitten and how much he can safely raise his price. Uzanne describes all the types: the loathsome

Père Isnard; the decayed musical editor, Formage; the poet, Eugène Flaurand (Balzac's wild admirer); the charming Greek scholar, Raquin of Troyes, and his early death; the delightful old Leguiller, with his turban; Saint Simonians; deformed Quasimodos, ruined by women and absinthe; "*le noble le Masurier*," the dynasty of Dubosq, Ambs, nicknamed Amer Picon because he required fifteen to twenty glasses of that much-advertised poison a day; the amateur, Gustave Boucher, who in earliest youth joined the trade for the love of it, and whose Mimi Pinson charmed the eyes of age as she helped him to close his boxes for the night (he died in the odor of sanctity as an administrator of the Beaux-Arts); Abel Tarride (after work-hours an actor); Yellow Pelet, called "Pain d'Épice;" Papa Rosselin, the well-known editor; Delahaye, who started a brilliant illumination of his cases which, sad to relate, attracted more bats, mosquitoes, and moths than clients. The Normands are cited as the "*Juifs du Papier*," as those who most often rose to mark and became more or less wealthy and eminent booksellers and publishers.

In the old days the boxes were tollfully taken home to the lair of the owner for the night. Since 1890, under certain conditions as to fastening, &c., they may be left in *statu quo*. Thieves of all sorts and kleptomaniacs have to be guarded against during the day, but are hardly worth worrying about at night. Formerly all books had to be clearly priced, and placed in boxes with others of the same price. Not so now, and the vendor can often show a mark after diagnosing his client's eagerness or ignorance. Ten metres is the space allotted for a stance by the Prefect of the Seine, and the cost, with taxes, is about two pounds a year. De Resbecq, in 1864, estimated that the boxes of sixty-four

*bouquinistes* contained about seventy thousand volumes; Uzanne, in 1892, allows about ninety-seven thousand volumes to the one hundred and fifty-six vendors.

They buy surplus books privately from journalists and critics, many of whom arrange for a periodical call from their *bouquiniste*, and at private and public sales, while great quantities are brought direct to the stalls for sale. The foundation of most stalls has remained the same during the last thirty years, and the intelligent foreigner must relieve the *bouquiniste* of enormous quantities of Buffon, Marmontel, Delisle, "Voyages" (especially that of Anacharsis, which is said to have largely led to the Revolution), Dulaure, La Harpe, church services, *Robinson Crusoe*, Scott, Maria Edgeworth, Berquin, and incomplete editions of all the French classics.

What I like best on the quays is a mixed bag. I go out after giving the ground a long rest in hopes of surprises, keen all the time, and ready for a snap-shot. I can recall some red-letter days when at sunset, tired but happy, I have got back by steamer with a goodly bag of, say, fifty volumes, large and small, stowed away in all sorts of poacher's pockets or strung together like rabbits after a day's ferreting; expenditure—say five francs for ammunition, free ground and no tips, and four sous for the steamers. To go out in search of any special book is usually disappointing, but it is wonderful here how knowledge of the ground helps; and you can keep a note of a number of works you want, or volumes to complete sets which you already have, so that there is always a lot of interest even when the elements are unfavorable and the ground is drawn blank. The other day I got an old 1664 book about the antiquities of Paris, which I had long wanted, for two shillings. *Vive la chasse au bouquin!* But Uzanne truly

says the catalogues of Brunet, Quérard, and Barbier make the great find a rare accident.

Most of the immortals have owned to their love for the bookstalls, and sung the praises of the dear old book-hunting days in no niggardly fashion. Enormous libraries have here been collected. Pillet's, and Boulard's of about three hundred thousand volumes, are perhaps the best known. The *académicien* Xavier Marmier always offered a cigarette or a bon-bon, according to sex, on the conclusion of a purchase. He found a hundred-franc note sealed up between two pages of a book, and at once gave it to the vendor, whose it was not, but whom it happened to relieve when sadly pinched by bad times. He left one thousand francs to be spent on a dinner to the *bouquinistes* of the left bank. About ninety-five of them dined *au grand Vêfour* on November 20, 1892. The oldest, M. Choppin d'Arnonville, made a fine reference to the far-travelled donor: "Madame de Staël said that she preferred to the Rhine her gutter in the Rue du Bac; Monsieur Marmier preferred your quays to the loveliest country, to his mountains, to his great pines, which he loved so much that he called them his cousins." Many survive to recall his charming personality, and the bottle of white wine which he often shared with a crony after a bargain.

Jacques, a bridegroom of the other day, then advocated a huge gallery on the quays, lighted at night, a sort of national fair, and the abolition of all the big shops. Chonmoru, perhaps the doyen now, over eighty, but good for another twenty years, who suffered three days in prison for his Socialism and for shouting "*A bas les voleurs!*" to Carnot when he passed, has discarded his sabots and looks less Bohemian than of yore. The aunt of Raoul Pugno, the great pianist, died only a year ago, and his cousin now reigns

next door to Chonmoru, at the end of the Boule Miche; while none who have looked over Uzanne's illustrations can mistake Ferroud, one of the deputies who helped to manage the great dinner. Bouland has almost completed forty years as a *bouquiniste*, and is perhaps, strictly speaking, the doyen or "*père*," though not so old as Chonmoru. Many  
Chambers's Journal.

others might be cited, interesting personalities, young in spirit if not in years. What a sport of kings must this craze be which enthralles alike the young, the old, the rich man, the poor man, and the man of power! Paul Lacroix said the bibliophile was his type of happiness. From which it results that to be a *bouquin* is real happiness.

J. Galbraith Horn.

### "HAMLET" AND "LAMMERMOOR."

Sir Walter Scott may be said to have been dominated and permeated by Shakespeare. He had conned him devoutly, absorbed him deeply, and there is not one of his novels that does not bear some impress of Shakespeare's mastership. There are in all the novels, extending from "Waverley" in 1814 to "Castle Dangerous" in 1831, 996 chapters, and it was the custom of Scott to place at the head of each chapter a quotation or motto in some degree appropriate to its subject matter. There are only 24 chapters in all the novels to which there are not headings, and, curiously enough, all these come after "The Betrothed" in 1825. Well, 972 chapters have headings, and of these 212 are quotations from Shakespeare's plays. These Shakespearean quotations are very unevenly distributed through the novels: in "Guy Mannering" there are 19 of them, in "The Surgeon's Daughter" only one; but in the aggregate they show an extraordinary familiarity with Shakespeare's plays which enabled Scott to find at once passages suitable to the ever-shifting scenes he was depicting.

But if the headings of the chapters are thus predominantly Shakespearean, throughout the chapters themselves there are Shakespearean echoes, characters and scenes that have been dipped in Shakespearean dye. It is impossible for me now to adduce even a selec-

tion of these, but I should like to direct attention to one instance in which Scott appears to have been influenced by Shakespeare in a singular degree. I allude to the analogies and similarities which exist between "Hamlet" and "The Bride of Lammermoor," constituting, to my mind, a conspicuous instance of literary parallelism which escaped the notice of Isaac Disraeli in his "Curiosities of Literature."

I do not in the remotest way suggest appropriation or conscious imitation. That would be as absurd as to accuse Shakespeare of plagiarism because of the use he made of Plutarch and Holinshed. Swift truly said: "If I light my candle from another, that does not affect my property in the wick and the tallow." Scott had an unlimited supply of wick and tallow of his own, but he sometimes lighted his dips (and dips he called his novels, for he once triumphantly exclaimed to Ballantyne, when contemplating a cheap and popular issue of them, "We must have dips for our wax candles"), when he had not a spunk of his own handy, at the taper or torch of someone who had gone before him. It seems to me that in the case of "The Bride of Lammermoor" he derived illumination more than once from Shakespeare's inverted torch of "Hamlet," lurid and brilliantly flaming, and that he did so under circumstances of rare psychological interest.

"Hamlet" is, at any rate in the popular judgment, the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, and "The Bride of Lammermoor" is by general consent the greatest of Scott's novels. "It is to my fancy," said Lockhart, "the most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned." Mr. Gladstone told Lord Ashbourne that "The Bride of Lammermoor" was his favorite amongst the novels of his favorite novelist, and Lord Lytton said, "There are three masterpieces in narrative which can never be too much studied—the 'Ædipus Tyrannus,' the 'Bride of Lammermoor' and 'Tom Jones.'"

Many other eminent authorities might be cited to bear testimony to the primacy that "The Bride of Lammermoor" holds in the Waverley group, a primacy analogous to that of "Hamlet" amongst Shakespeare's plays. Of all Shakespeare's plays "Hamlet" has most of the amplification of the novel, and of all Scott's novels "The Bride of Lammermoor" is most dramatic in its treatment, and both of these great works have exactly the same tragic touch. In both there is the same fierce conflict of vengeance and remorse, love, hatred, with supernatural terror brooding over all. In both the action sweeps on, and one feels it from the first like a torrent, hurrying on in its dark and resistless course all the personages concerned, the good and the wicked, towards a catastrophe not brought about by human will, but dug by destiny.

It is not, however, in tinct or tendency—that of all noble tragedy since the trilogy of Æschylus—that I would suggest relationship betwixt "Hamlet" and "Lammermoor,"—but in a number of particulars, a few of which I will enumerate, leaving it to the remembrance of those who know the play and the novel to fill in my rough outline.

The scene of the play and the novel are strikingly alike. "Hamlet" is

mainly enacted on the battlements and in the halls of the Castle of Elsinore, a rugged Danish stronghold, commanding the entrance to the Baltic, perched high above turbulent waters and probably visited by Shakespeare. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is mainly enacted on the battlements or in the halls of Wolf's Crag, a gray, half-ruined fortalice, placed on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean—in reality Fast Castle, which was well known to Sir Walter Scott.

But more significant than the scenery is the human element in "Hamlet" and "Lammermoor," and that is often in close agreement in the two. Hamlet and the Master of Ravenswood are twin brothers; intellectually they are akin; Hamlet soars into the loftiest region of human thought, and Ravenswood is the most highly gifted and reflective of all Scott's heroes. Each is under a vow to revenge a murdered father, and in both the vow has a supernatural sanction. Hamlet was under commandment of his father's ghost. Ravenswood, after witnessing his father's dying agonies and hearing the curses he breathed against his adversary, secretly at midnight cut a lock from his hair, and as it consumed in the fire, swore that his rage and revenge should pursue his enemies until they shrivelled up like that scorched symbol of annihilation. For both the times were out of joint, and both, pushed on by events, found that the impossible was required of him. Both were in love, each with a woman lovely, soft and yielding, wanting in power of resistance; and each found in his love his ruin and frustration. The one was the counterpart of the other in form, feature and attire; Hamlet is described as of princely form and manly bearing, was clad in "inky cloak and customary suit of solemn black;" and the Master of Ravenswood, of majestic mien and regular features, wore a loose

mourning cloak thrown round him, and a Montero cap with a black feather that drooped over his brow.

Ophelia and Lucy Ashton are twin sisters. Both are young, fair, inexperienced girls, and it is their innocence, sweetness and weakness, in the straits in which they are placed, that move our profound pity. Both fondly open their hearts to a young love that rends them. Both sacrifice their love to paternal authority, and both, by this and by their lover's reproaches, are maddened with a madness that runs into babbling, despair and death. One cannot hear Ophelia's "To-morrow will be Saint Valentine's Day," without thinking of Lucy Ashton's "Tak' up your bonny bridegroom." Both were buried with maimed rites.

"Must there no more be done?" asks Laertes at the funeral of Ophelia.

"No more," the priest replies.

We should profane the service of the dead

To sing a requiem and such rest to her  
As to peace parted souls.

"The melancholy ceremony," says Sir Walter Scott of the funeral of Lucy Ashton, "was performed in the misty dawn of an autumn morning, with such moderate attendance and ceremony as could not be dispensed with. Here in a coffin, bearing neither name nor date, were consigned to dust the remains of what was once lovely, beautiful and innocent, though exasperated to frenzy by a long tract of unrelenting persecution."

With Laertes, Ophelia's brother in "Hamlet," Colonel Ashton, Lucy Ashton's brother in "The Bride of Lammermoor," had much in common. Both took it upon them to avenge what they considered their sister's wrong, and both had an encounter with him who had wronged her, as they believed, over that sister's grave. Hamlet fell in a duel with Laertes; the Master of Ra-

venswood was engulfed in the quicksand while hurrying sword in hand to a duel with Colonel Ashton.

I could carry the comparison between characters in "Hamlet" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" further, but do not wish to labor the case. I should like to point out, however, some structural resemblances. In both there is supernatural machinery: in "Hamlet" the ghost of his father, majestic, armor clad, beckoning away and delivering its dread secret and charge; in "The Bride of Lammermoor," the ghost of Blind Alice at the Mermaid's Well, shrouded and wan, appearing to Ravenswood at the hour of her death, and the crisis of his fate, with warning hand and mutterings of withered lips. In both there is a picture scene, "Look here upon this picture and on this," and in both a churchyard scene, with an interview between the hero and a sententious grave-digger.

Not incomparable with Shakespeare's supreme touch in Hamlet's last words: "the rest is silence" is Scott's closing incident of the finding by Caleb Balderston on the Kelpie's flow of the large sable feather, the sole vestige that remained of the vanished Master of Ravenswood.

He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow  
And his name shall be lost for ever-mo'e.

There are, no doubt, other reflections of Shakespeare in "The Bride of Lammermoor." The sudden and passionate attachment of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, intervening in the hereditary feud of their families, recalls Romeo and Juliet, and the three village hags are reminiscent of the witches in "Macbeth;" but it was assuredly "Hamlet" that haunted the corridors of Sir Walter Scott's brain while he was inditing this "Tale of a Landlord," and high psychological interest



attaches to the question how the Hamletular infusion took place in the circumstances under which *"The Bride of Lammermoor"* was written? It was composed in April, 1819, while Scott was passing through an acute attack of an intensely painful and prostrating malady from which he suffered at intervals for years. The malady was called cramp of the stomach, or spasms, but, looking back on it now in the light of modern experience, there is no difficulty in recognizing it as gallstones, a malady which did not finally carry him off, but which caused him the utmost distress, and must have absolutely disabled any man of less buoyant temperament and less resolute will, a malady, let me add, of which he could now have been promptly relieved. He was emaciated and broken down, with scarcely muscular strength enough to hold himself upright, lying upon a sofa, sick, and often turning himself upon his pillow with a groan of torment, as he dictated to Laidlaw and Ballantyne *"The Bride of Lammermoor."* His sentences were sometimes interrupted by cruel pangs, "but," says Laidlaw, "when duologue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph over matter, he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the part."

And very remarkable was one of the consequences of the mental effort under such adverse conditions. The book, says James Ballantyne, "was not only written but published before Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me that when it was first put into his hands in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character or conversation it contained. He did not desire to convey that his illness had erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with

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which he had been acquainted from boyhood. These remained rooted where they had ever been, or, to speak more explicitly, he remembered the facts of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride upon the hapless bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. All these things he recollected, just as he did before he took to his bed, but he literally recollected nothing else—not a single character woven by the romance, not one of the many scenes and points of humor, nor anything with which he was connected as the writer of the work. For a long time," he said, "I felt myself very uneasy in the course of my reading, lest I should be startled by meeting something altogether glaring and grotesque."

That Scott's mind was in a state of abnormal exaltation when he produced *"The Bride of Lammermoor"* is clear. He wrote himself at this time: "I certainly began to have some doubts whether the mischief was not getting at my mind."

"I had another of my attacks," he wrote again, "and felt as if a phantasmagoria was going on around me." He had been having large doses of opium, and it may well have been that in the phantasmagoria in which he was involved, the mind not only failed to register its processes, but was inundated by figures and images rising spontaneously from the mysterious depths of memory, affinitive impressions and reminiscences in the guise of new conceptions. It may well have been that as Scott, in sore travail, stitched the glorious tapestry of *"The Bride of Lammermoor,"* some old Shakespearean threads that came to hand got mixed up with it.

*James Crichton-Browne.*



**OU-OPP SAHIB.**

In Bengal the plains are so vast and so monotonous that you may ride straight ahead for a week, as we had done, and still, for all that the country has changed, fancy yourself to be in the place that you started from. On either side still stretches the illimitable gray ploughed land, marked off with the low gray ridges that are the only boundary marks. And the same tiny cattle stand about in the same hot glare. Or else it is an unploughed scene, and the jungle grass grows stiff and high, shutting off the runs of pig and leopard, and those tarns and lost watercourses that are thronged with wild-fowl of every sort, from the humble dhole bird to the bulky, magnificent pelican.

We had kept for the most part to the great road that runs north to the hills. Through all our long ride it, too, had preserved its unchanging character. I wondered what the Tommies used to think of it in the days they marched that way—hundreds and hundreds of miles through the dust that is inches deep on the sides of the road, and thickly powdered to the tops of the trees that aisle it. The road is always at the same level, a few feet above the rest of the plains, so that it may not be flooded in the rains. Were the Tommies fascinated by the endless, hazy, golden sameness? Or did the sand in their boots and in their throats and the eternal heat that beats down through the trees and gets trapped in the shade monopolize their attention and their curses? They go by train now, and the road is left to the natives on foot or on little shambling tats or in bullock-carts that seem mere pillars of cloud, so much dust do the patient beasts kick up, or on camels that are driven down from the dry north to be sold to Mahometan dwellers on the plains, to be sacrificed at one of their festivals. Poor camels, they make but

thin offerings when they come to the end of their journey.

The road had also been left to us—that is to say, the Collector and myself,—and I had seen many things of interest upon it, including a day-old elephant that a zemindar in one of the villages called us in to look at, if it so pleased us. The zemindar himself was a thin, splendid old man, a Mahometan, with the mien and manner of a Hebrew patriarch, but he was famed chiefly for his dacoities and his oppression of the poor. He looked supremely beneficent as he showed off his absurd embryo of a mammoth, staggering against its mother's legs and staring painfully, with large blue eyes, at the crowd that squatted to admire it. It seemed to think Bengal a curious place, and it is. It was on the following day that we came in the afternoon to the rising ground. We saw it before us quite suddenly, on our left—land that climbed, and it gave us quite a thrill.

"By Jove, do you see that?" said the Collector.

"I do," I said, "it's a hill," and had to soothe my mare, who was as excited as I. If horses have fancies, I think she was feeling herself like Alice after she had got through the looking-glass. That is the way I felt when we rode on for a mile and the hill on our left did not vanish, but continued—not growing much higher, it is true, but maintaining its slope and revealing upon its side patches of dog-rose that grew thicker and thicker till they closed into a tree-jungle. Presently a side track appeared, also on the left and rising, and the Collector said: "I shouldn't be surprised if the dak bungalow were up there somewhere. Let's see."

We turned our horses into it, and they, tickled by the resistance so strangely presented to their feet, broke into a gallop and took us in less than

a minute to the top. There, sure enough, was a dak bungalow, and a view as fine as from a mountain. For the hill—it was only a great sand-hill clothed at the back with jungle—in front gave sheer on to the great valley of the Naharuhda,—a sacred river, which, like so many Bengal rivers, is ever pouring the sand before it as it goes, so that even while it digs its channel it is silting it up, and wastes itself in crystal shallows, and bends to the least obstruction. Bengal rivers are not unlike Bengal men, and if the Englishman wishes either to keep to one channel, he must dig it for them, removing all hindrances from start to finish. But this is to moralize, even as a Babu might.

Up on the hill a little wind was blowing, so that one might almost have fancied oneself on some sea-cliff at home, overlooking the sand at the low tide. The illusion was dispelled by the appearance of a sub-inspector of police, of whom the Collector proceeded to make inquiries, official and otherwise. He was one of the sub-inspectors who believe in knowing very little and keeping that to himself. I do not know what he said about dacoities, but I do know that the closest cross-examination could not extract from him either that there were any chickens to be had for our dinner or that he knew anything about shikar in the neighborhood.

"But there must be some," said the Collector. "Think. Are there not duck or teal?"

We could quite plainly from the hill behold two Brahminy ducks, floating fat and yellow on the limpid stream. Not that Brahminy ducks count.

"I do not think it, your Honor," said the sub-inspector.

"And no bagh—panther or tiger?"

"I do not think it, your Honor."

"Does nobody go shooting in the neighborhood,—none of the Babus?"

"I do not think it, your Honor."

But the last denial was too much for the feelings of the dak bungalow attendant, who had hovered inquisitively into our presence.

"May it please your Honor," he said to the Collector, but with a deprecating glance towards the sub-inspector, "there is without doubt shikar in the jungle."

The Collector's face brightened.

"Also," said the dak man quickly, seeing that he was making a good impression, "there is one who knows much shikar, and lives not far away."

"Who is that?"

"Ou-opp Sahib."

"Ou-opp Sahib," repeated the Collector; "a Sahib of the name of Ou-opp?"

"Yes, your Honor," broke in the sub-inspector, "Sigi Ou-opp Sahib. He shoot many panther."

If you are a Bengali, and you find that your own statements and attitude are not winning so much approval as the statement and attitude of some other person, you do not waste time and possibly the favor of a superior by being rigidly consistent. On the contrary, you at once adopt the other person's *rôle*, thereby recommending yourself and taking the wind out of the other person's sails. The Collector dislikes this habit. "Who is Sigi Ou-opp Sahib?" he therefore asked of the khitmatghar.

"Your Honor," began the sub-inspector, "he is a young man."

"I asked the khitmatghar," said the Collector. "Bear in mind, sub-inspector, that you know nothing whatever about shikar. You have just said so. Let the khitmatghar speak."

The khitmatghar, much gratified, began—

"Your Honor, Sigi Ou-opp he is a young man. He shoot many panther."

"And he lives near here, does he?" said the Collector.

"He live in the village," said the khitmatghar earnestly. "He shoot many panther."

"And you're quite sure Sigi Ou-opp is a Sahib?"

The khitmatghar was a little shaken by having to stick to one statement so often, but he stuck to it nevertheless.

"He is a young man," he said, "Sigi Ou-opp Sahib. He shoot many panther."

"Well, then," said the Collector, "perhaps you will send a message to Ou-opp Sahib, and ask if he will come round to the bungalow and tell us about panthers."

"Yes, your Honor," said the khitmatghar.

"And I get chicken for your Honor," said the sub-inspector.

"There aren't any chickens to be got," said the Collector. "Still, they may as well be here in good time for dinner."

The sub-inspector saluted, and went off somewhat crestfallen to find that his negative attitude towards things in general had not been the success he hoped for, and probably meditating vengeance on the khitmatghar.

"You never know with some of these men," said the Collector, as we entered the bungalow, "what the truth is. The sub-inspector, who is remarkably stupid about his actual duties, may really know nothing about shikar. On the other hand, he may know a lot, and not want to tell us."

"Why?" I asked.

"Difficult to say. He may think that if we hear of panthers we shall stay a day longer, and find out something against him. Some villagers might turn up with a petition, or some zemindar who has quarrelled with him may accuse him of extorting bribes. Anyhow, Ou-opp Sahib sounds more promising, though why Sahib I can't think. Sahib always means a white man, and there can't be any white man

living here now. Funnily enough there were British cantonments here fifty years ago, but I don't suppose that, except for a civilian once in two years for a night, there has been a European near the place since then. Besides, Sigi?"

"It's not a particularly Christian name, certainly," I agreed.

"They've muddled it somehow, depend upon it," said the Collector, and we had to leave it at that until we should see Ou-opp Sahib.

As a matter of fact, the chickens came first. I do not know where they came from, but one of them flew in as if from the jungle with at least twelve villagers and the khitmatghar in pursuit. It was corralled in the veranda of the bungalow, and I think I got it for dinner. It must have had a fine cross-country run. It was after dinner that a note was brought in from the village by a small brown boy in a yellow garment. The Collector read it aloud—

I have the one-ar inform you that  
SER

Pleas let me know the you wish to go out for Shooting to morrow or nat. If you wish to go then what time.

I get a Khubhur for a panther Cloce near cross the re-ve-ar weast side, I hope the you get it to morrow

Your most Obduntly

*C. G. Webb.*

"C. G. Webb," repeated the Collector,—"so he is a white man after all. At least, he may be. Some of the letter sounds British," he grunted. "I wonder what kind."

The Collector grunted again, and I understood the shyness that Anglo-Indians have for white men who have disappeared from among their kind in India. They are not much sought after, for in their persons they have, as it were, betrayed the West to the East. Probably the causes of such disappear-

ances are sordid enough—just such causes as drive a man downhill in his own country. Out here the hill seems steeper, and the fall into a more bottomless abyss. And those who go down to it must surrender not only ambition and friends and self-respect, but hope itself—the hope of ever mixing again with his own people or seeing the faces that understand or sharing the memories which are all their former life.

"Of course he can't be very down on his luck or he would not show up at all," said the Collector, and wrote off a note to C. G. Webb Sahib naming eight o'clock for the starting time next morning.

Punctually at that hour Ou-opp Sahib presented himself before the bungalow and as though resolved to elude all ordinary formulas turned out to be an entirely brown young man. At least, his color was brown, and he had the small features of a slim Bengali. In dress, on the other hand, he was English. He wore a solar topi, knickerbockers, puttees, and a white jacket. Indeed, all his things had once been white, but that was some time before, and the dhobie had not seen them for many weeks. I glanced at his face again to make sure that disacquaintance with the sacred waters of the Naharuhda might not account for its brownness too. But it was not so. His color was Indian born, and he had the eyes of a Bengali who takes strong drugs. Only, behind it all—or mixed up with it all—there was a jaunty, disdainful, damn-the-consequences appearance that was not native. Now a Bengali is often jaunty, and to his inferiors he is invariably disdainful. But in his freest and easiest and most contemptuous mood he is very, very careful about the consequences if they are in any way likely to affect himself. Consequences were clearly nothing to this young man. He saluted slightly,

and in reply to the Collector's inquiries showed himself truly laconic.

"Ah," said the Collector, "you're the Mr. Webb who sent me the letter last night."

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you've done a good deal of shikar round here? What sort?"

"All sort," said Ou-opp Sahib.

"Including panthers," said the Collector.

"Yes," said Ou-opp Sahib. He had not waved his hand, but he gave me the impression of having waved his hand as though to signify that panthers were of very small account indeed.

"Tigers too?" asked the Collector.

"I have shot the tigers. No tigers here now."

There was nothing boastful in his speech, even though it suggested that Ou-opp Sahib had rid the district of tigers; and, as though to emphasize the difference between his British curtness and the full flow of the true Bengali, a fat middle-aged man, who had apparently accompanied him up from the village, and who turned out to be the schoolmaster, inserted himself at this point into the conversation.

"Oh yes, your Honor, Ou-opp Sahib have shoot many tigers. He shoot the tiger on foot. He have in his house the skin of the tiger. He shoot also many panther. He have the skin of many panther."

I never ascertained precisely what the schoolmaster's hours and duties were in Bengal; but I noticed that if an opportunity ever presented itself of enlarging his mind by contemplating a Sahib, or exchanging views with him, or assisting him in a hunt, he is always ready to quit his desk and follow the gleam. The scholars, perhaps, do home-work. It is not a bad plan, and the schoolmaster improves his English—which is apt to be more grammatical than idiomatic. He cannot rid himself of the idea that our conversation runs

on the lines of "The cat eats the rat. The rat eats the cat. The cat is not the bat."

Ou-opp Sahib looked rather bored by the schoolmaster's eulogies, just as an Englishman might have done; and it was only when the Collector began a discussion of what jungle we were to try that he showed any interest.

"I think the jungle to the west," he said. "I think a panther there."

"All right; I leave it to you," said the Collector.

"You have the elephants?"

"Two," said the Collector. "You will go on our second elephant with my chuprassie? You've brought a gun?"

"Yes," said Ou-opp Sahib, and called to the small boy who had brought the note the evening before. With much pride the boy handed to him a muzzle-loading gun, and with much nonchalance Ou-opp received it.

"The elephants are ready?" he inquired.

The Collector supposed they were. For about an hour they had been having their morning baths in the Nahar-uhda, lying flat while their mahouts climbed about them with buckets and swabbed their upper hides. Afterwards they had retired, all black and shiny, to the shade of a peepul-tree and begun the breakfast of green tree-tops which they had brought in for themselves. But it seemed there was to be a hitch. One of the mahouts was in waiting to say that his elephant had strained herself, and would be unable to go hunting.

"I don't believe it," said the Collector, and we all went over to where the elephants stood. "Now let's see this strain," he went on,—"off fore leg is it? Let's see it walking."

The mahout salaamed and called to the great creature to lift him up. Then he made it walk towards us. On it came, walking on three legs, with the

fourth held up pathetically like a hurt dog's. Also it rolled its trunk as a man rolls his eyes in anguish. There seemed to me no doubt that it was badly strained.

But Ou-opp Sahib had drawn the Collector aside and was whispering to him, and after a moment the Collector said—"Let the mahout get down."

The mahout got down somewhat unwillingly.

"Now let the mahout call to the elephant to come towards us."

A little crowd had collected from nowhere in particular, as it always does in India if there is anything of interest to be seen, and with genial faces waited for the experiment. The mahout called in the elephant language, and calmly and steadily, without the least sign of lameness, the elephant walked towards us. Judging from the native faces, one might have supposed that a somewhat commonplace miracle had taken place. But judging from the Collector's voice as he spoke a few warm words to the mahout, one realized that a somewhat ordinary trick had been tried on. It is not always easy to detect them. In this case the mahout had no doubt for some private reason wanted a day off, and by some simple pressure of the hand or foot had induced the elephant to walk lame. Elephants can be taught almost anything, and pitted against the combined forces of them and their mahouts a sahib is sometimes helpless. Luckily, once he had been outbluffed the mahout had not the fortitude to try any more tricks, and the elephants were pronounced ready in a very short space of time.

It was "west" where the "Khubbhur" had been got that Ou-opp guided us, into the dense jungle that spread from the back of the bungalow first of all, because that was on the way to the river, and we might, Ou-opp said, strike panthers there also. Very soon, as the elephants stepped up and down

its hilly parts, I found myself clutching at the ropes convulsively, for the back of a climbing or descending elephant is no better than a shute. Not the most comfortable of shutes either. But the jungle itself made amends for the trials of riding through it. It was a tangle of cotton-trees, blazing their scarlet flowers from leafless boughs, acacias swinging brown seed-pods a foot long, dark peepuls and scrub oak, girt about with dog-rose and wild plum. Through this intricacy Ou-opp steered the elephants as a captain his ship, pausing at various spots as if they were ports of call for the picking up of panthers. I was too interested in his woodcraft to mind that no panthers as a matter of fact showed themselves at these points, but the Collector did not wholly approve.

"It's all very well," he said; "they're just the sort of places you would find panthers in, but they're not going to wait for us to come up. And they can hide themselves anywhere in this thickness. What's he up to now?"

Ou-opp's elephant, which was a little ahead of us, had been halted in a sort of little opening in the undergrowth, and Ou-opp pointed a slim hand as we came up.

"Panther bring calf here," he said briefly.

"Bones of a calf, are they?" said the Collector, peering down.

"How old do you say?"

"Two week," said Ou-opp.

"He won't be lying about here, then."

Ou-opp shook his head.

"Soon we find fresh bone," he said, and led us forward. Sure enough, in quite a few minutes we came on much fresher remains, including still recognizable portions of a pariah dog, which, however, Ou-opp disdained to linger over, on the ground that they were a week old. He almost gave the impression of having seen the luckless dog brought there on the day of its de-

mise: yet the jungle must have been inaccessible except to elephants. Indeed from this time on we had to get them to clear the way for us, by tearing off with their trunks such boughs as threatened to sweep us from the pads, and only Ou-opp's calm certainty prevailed on the Collector to remain patient. He hated a thick jungle, reasonably enough, for it gives the leopard every chance of sneaking off unseen when you are just on top of him. Still, he let Ou-opp go ahead, and we came on more remains—calf again this time, and possibly fresher. I don't know why I say possibly, for Ou-opp said they were not more than four days; and when the chuprassie, who also boasts himself at shikar, differed from him, Ou-opp carelessly supported his own view by pointing to a tree close by which was all scored with leopards' claws, and saying—

"Panther scratch him four nights off."

The chuprassie gave in before so much detailed woodlore.

A little later, after we had just crossed a dry tangled gully in Ou-opp's wake, we came up to find that he had descended from his elephant, and was making a reconnaissance on foot. The chuprassie murmured to us that they had just come on fresh leavings, and that there was a sort of hole in the bank hard by.

"But where is Ou-opp Sahib?" demanded the Collector.

"He look in, your Honor, to see if panther is there," said the chuprassie; and following the direction of his finger, we perceived in among the undergrowth, with his gun held carelessly in one hand, Ou-opp down on his knees peering into a hole in the bank.

"Here, I say," began the Collector in tones of remonstrance, "supposing there is a leopard inside."

Ou-opp had already got quietly to his feet again. "Otter," he said, and slung himself up the tail of the ele-



phant. I thought to myself that it would take a good deal to persuade me to go on all fours in front of a leopard's possible lair and decide it was only an otter's.

Another quarter of an hour's thorny going, such as the elephants hate, brought us out of the wooded area on to the edge of the river. Crossing it, we got at once into a great grass waste, and the Collector was about to stop Ou-opp and ask him what his plan of campaign now was, when Ou-opp himself called a halt. His own elephant was at the time close to what might be described as a dense tussock of grass, some ten feet high and the same in diameter, and as ours came up Ou-opp held up his hand warningly.

"What is it?" asked the Collector, expecting, as he told me, to see a pig break away.

"Panther, sir," said Ou-opp, and pointed into the tussock. His gun lay carelessly across his knee and his legs swung idly down. It is not a position in which I have ever seen an English gamekeeper, but somehow a smart young English gamekeeper was what Ou-opp reminded me of at that moment. I fancy it was the respectful air of patronage with which he offered something irreproachable in the way of sport to the amateur gentlemen before him. He as good as said, "It will amuse you, but I have seen so much of it"; and while I was being amused, and just beginning to wonder vaguely whether it was usual to shoot at leopards before you saw them, the Collector had let fly into the tussock, there was a snarling hiss, and something had bounded out on the side away from us and was leaving behind it a wake of shivering jungle-grass. After that we were in the thick of the chase. The mahouts had become yelling fiends, the elephants were going at a floundering gallop, the jungle was like a sea swept by a violent squall. Then, as I was

wondering how much practice it required to be able to be in an upright position on the pad at the critical moment, we had all, so to speak, pulled up on our haunches, and Ou-opp's mahout was pointing excitedly at a patch of grass. Ou-opp evidently had his eye on it, but his gun still lay across his lap idle. He did not lift it even when, a second later, the leopard, with another sudden snarl, leapt at his dangling legs. The elephant wheeled right round trumpeting.

"Look out," I said involuntarily, and Ou-opp smiled slightly.

"Panther leg broken," he said, and it was so. Owing to that fact it had missed its spring by inches and dropped back in the grass, a bunch of snarling, crouching yellow. Another bullet and it turned over on its side dead, and Ou-opp had dismounted to measure it.

We went on afterwards for two or three hours, but we got nothing else, and there was no particular reason why we should. Panthers do not herd together, and there is not much beating to be done with two elephants. Only I had the fanciful impression that Ou-opp was not interested in producing another bagh for us. His preserves, so to speak, had been shot over sufficiently for the day. Or else he had an engagement to keep. He courteously showed us more bones here and there, and many fascinating bits of the jungle. His woodcraft was unexceptionable, but it did not result in any more panthers. And on the way back, which took us near the village, he requested to be put down, merely asking laconically, when the Collector acknowledged his services, if we would care for further sport on the morrow. On the morrow, unfortunately, we had to move fifteen miles farther, the Collector explained; whereat Ou-opp Sahib saluted and walked off, having told us no word about himself or his lineage.

We learnt a little about him that

evening from one of the chuprassies, who had got it from the schoolmaster; and it appeared from this source that Sigi Ou-opp Sahib was son to yet another Sigi Ou-opp Sahib, who had settled in the village many many years before. What had this original Ou-opp Sahib been? Nothing less than an English Tommy. No wonder that our Sigi had jaunty legs and a devil-may-care bearing that was not of Bengal. The elder Ou-opp had come out for the Mutiny, and had taken part in some of the later operations against hill tribes, for which services Government or a Maharajah had rewarded him with a grant of land in the hill country. Presumably he was not a man of the hills—not of such hills as the Himalayas, at least,—and he had sold his hill estate and drifted down to this village, where there was a hill indeed, but a hill that only served to make the plains more conspicuous. Here, too, the British cantonments had once been, and here no doubt he had once camped among his own people. I expect that was the call. The regiments had been marched away long since, but he would know where the tents had been and the drill-ground and the Colonel's bungalow and the canteen and the cells; for him in this sweltering Indian village there would be echoes of the bugles and of the songs that he had sung with his mates. The East—one is told—never changes, but that is true only of the spirit of the East. The landscape changes amazingly fast, especially up country. There in a night a river will change its course, and leave leagues of country high and dry, making endless marshes of ploughed land, and itself reappearing, a day's march off, as smooth and as limpid in some new channel. Always, too, the jungle-grass keeps rolling up like a tide, removing landmarks.

We looked for signs of the old cantonments and found none. But Ou-opp

Senior had known where to look, and, war-worn and changed into an Indian landowner, he had settled down—that English soldier—in the place which (one may guess) he had come to first as a raw recruit, full of England and fresh as the six months' voyage of those days would leave him from poaching the Squire's rabbits. Now he was a Squire himself, but in a far country, where jackals howl all night and the only keepers that try to stop a man's sport are the great beasts themselves that keep the jungle. And since Squires have land to leave and must have heirs to leave it to, Ou-opp married some brown girl of the village. I choose to think that he knew her before he went off to fight—met her at the village-well when he was off duty and sick for the Pollies and Letties he had left behind him. He liked her soft eyes and the poise of her as she held the pitcher on her head, and he helped her to draw up the water, and told her in his alien tongue the things that every woman understands. And she, I expect, was taken by the jauntiness of his legs and the devil in his eyes, and waited for him to come back gladly.

All that is certain is that he did come back and marry, and that the result was the Sigi Ou-opp of our acquaintance. Charles Godfrey? Christopher George? His father must have known, but I doubt if Sigi himself remembered or had known himself to bear any name but Sigi Ou-opp for many years. It was twenty, the schoolmaster said, since the old man died; and all that survived of him—besides Sigi—was the topi and the puttees and the jacket that Sigi wore, and the muzzle-loading gun which he carried so professionally.

Not much to leave? Perhaps not. He was an English soldier, and might have gone home and married an English girl, and left white sons to strengthen our army and help to govern the world. Perhaps before the end he

himself may have thought that he had lost too much and was leaving too little, and leaving that to a strange people. Nobody can say. He would not have told that to the Bengali school-master. He could not have told it to Sigi, his son. And even if he thought it, it does not follow that the thought

Blackwood's Magazine.

corresponded with the reality. If the legacy he bequeathed was indeed to the East and not to the West, yet in its way it was an English legacy—this son, who, for all his brownness, was the only sportsman to be found in fifty square miles of country.

R. E. Vernide.

## HUMANISTIC EDUCATION NOT WITHOUT LATIN.

Several classes of persons are now attacking classical study. Many of those who are chiefly interested in other subjects, such as natural science, seem to hate classics violently, with an intolerance greater than the classical man ever felt for them. A far larger class consists of those who think that no subject is worth study unless it will "help my son in his future career," to use the regular phrase; by which they always mean, help him to earn money directly. To do them justice, they apply the same standard to other subjects, amongst which, in my experience as a headmaster, I find as "useless to my son in his future career," French, German, Geometry, Natural Science, Geography, Shakespeare, English, and Scripture. A third class consists of those educated men and women who are disquieted by the poor results of classical teaching.

Mr. Benson's paper in the February *Cornhill*<sup>1</sup> is one of the voices of the last class. With much of it I cordially agree. His statements of fact are often accurate, so far as my own observation goes; but in the causes assigned we disagree, and I do not admit the tacit assumptions on which he bases his proposed remedy. In venturing to criticize these I have one small advantage. Mr. Benson's remedy has not been tried, but mine has; and in what follows I draw on experience.

<sup>1</sup> *The Living Age*, March 19, 1910.

rience. The views I hold were not pre-conceived, but they come from trying one remedy after another for admitted faults, until a system evolved itself that would work.

I agree that classics cannot be profitably studied by the wrong persons—that is by those who are unfitted to study them. There are many such in all secondary schools; and a wise educational system would sort them out and put them to the work they are fitted for. Many of them are fitted for skilled manual work, which they do to admiration; others for machinery, for commerce, for farming and pioneering, for fighting; some for mathematics and science of a more narrow kind, although I have known very few who could be really eminent in these subjects who were not also fitted to profit from literary studies at the same time. It is one of our problems what to do with these boys, and our great difficulty here lies with the parents, who are often angry if they are told the truth, however courteously, and however much to their boys' own profit. But I do not agree that boys of average ability are unfitted for classical study: I should draw the line much lower than Mr. Benson does.

Mr. Benson next brings in compulsory Greek, and calls it a farce to keep a subject compulsory for the entrance of passmen to a university, without requiring it to be studied after entrance.

If so, it is a farce to require of them a knowledge of the English language and the power to read and write, all which are so compulsory, and none are studied after entrance. Greek must stand or fall by other arguments than this: the matter may be dismissed now because it has nothing to do with our question.

The criticisms that follow are directed against the methods of teaching, where again I agree. Mr. Benson justly blames the inhuman jargon that is used in translating foreign languages, and nowhere else on sea or land; I have spoken quite as strongly myself on this head. The remark applies equally, I may add, to French and German with Latin and Greek. Mr. Benson objects to the mosaic method of translation into Latin, and asks, How many boys, who have studied Latin several hours a week for ten years, could describe the most ordinary event in grammatical or intelligible Latin? The answer is, Very few; and the reason is just that they have studied Latin so many hours a week for ten years; but if they have studied Latin properly five hours a week for three years, they can and do describe ordinary events in grammatical and intelligible Latin, quite commonly without any mistakes at all. The excess of time is one chief cause of failure. The method of free composition, which Mr. Benson mentions with approval, so far from being given up, is regular in teaching modern languages, and has proved to be equally effective with the ancient. It is true that the pressure of subjects injures the work of schools; but the remedy is not to discard one or more subjects: the remedy is to rearrange the subjects so that they lead up to one another, when time can be found, and is found, for all. The complaint that boys cannot reason is just; but I am not sure that Latin is not a help towards teaching them to reason.

Nor indeed is Mr. Benson, who admits that it might be a help if free composition were used. At least Latin is invaluable for teaching attention. Let me quote the unsolicited testimonial of a boy whom I had once in my house, a very ordinary boy, who, after taxing his brains for an hour, looked up with a smile of admiration, and said: "Talk of concentration of mind! If you want concentration of mind, give me Latin prose. Just stop thinking for one minute, and you're done." I shall not deal with the use of Latin as an aid to the Romance languages, though that is very real, because I advocate learning French before Latin, and I wish to defend Latin on its merits; but with the next point again I heartily agree. Annotated school-books are the very devil; but the remedy is easy—use plain texts. I disagree, however, as to Mr. Benson's view of Latin literature; the authors he likes he thinks too difficult, but surely he underrates others. Cæsar, for example, is dull if taken fifteen lines at a lesson; so at that rate would be Mr. Benson's most interesting books. Try to split up the Dolly Dialogues, or Mr. W. W. Jacobs, as for a lower middle form, and I defy you to find any sparkle in them. But take Cæsar in the lump, and I doubt if a more absorbing book could be found. Then take Pliny's Letters, or certain books of Virgil, or, for the more advanced, Plautus and Lucretius, or the more modern Latin of Erasmus and Hall; there is plenty of real interest in Latin, provided only you don't take it in snippets, and that you have taught the Latin from the first as a real language—that is, as a means to express thought, not as a jig-saw puzzle.

For it is here that I see the crucial point: Latin must be real; it must be taught, that is, on the direct method. If anyone urges that this cannot be done, I reply that it can be done and is

done; and I very much regret that any critic can be found, as so many do, to deny this, without examining the facts. In education, as in politics, there is a lamentable habit of stating opinions as though they were facts, and very little desire to find out the truth. This levity in the use of words is not an English characteristic, and I believe it to be due largely to the disgraceful state of both elementary and secondary education, the effects of a generation of bad teaching. A generation, I say, because the methods and the curriculum which I deplore equally with Mr. Benson do not go farther back than the seventies, and they were only perfected as an engine of mischief within the memory of most of us.

I now proceed briefly to suggest a remedy for the defects which Mr. Benson has very properly pointed out. They are: a new modelling of the course of work, and a change of methods.

First, we must have a time-table in due proportion, so arranged that each important subject has its place, that each has time enough, and that none preponderates over the others. Secondly, we must have a succession of subjects, so as not to overload the learner. Thirdly, we must have better methods.

When new subjects are introduced, we need a lesson a day, not less, and not much more, though at the first entry of a new language we may give extra lessons for a short time with advantage. I assume that our course covers the whole school life—a most important point, which is well brought out in the lately published Buff Book on the German Reformed Gymnasien. It is useless for the public school to try to educate boys, without regulating the course of the various preparatory schools that feed it. The entrance examination will do a great deal towards this; but because it is a fact generally

lost sight of, that the boy is made or marred as a rule before he gets to the public school (where his average stay is about four years), for that reason I wish to repeat, that all attempts at reforming public schools from the top are foredoomed to failure.

The general lines of our course I would suggest as follow. For the earliest years, up to nine or ten, no language but English would be taught or used. I ought to make it clear that these ages are those of the boy of average intelligence; they really mean stages, which clever boys pass through quicker and dull boys slower. This is the time when the mind is eager for new facts, and the imagination needs to be fed with stories, legends, and the wonders of nature. The use of the English language must be taught thoroughly, beginning with articulation, and including clear and expressive speech, reading aloud, and singing. At this stage books are less useful than ear and eye, and it is an age that delights in acting. The elements of grammar must be taught here; but composition should be synthetic rather than analytic. The hand needs also to be trained, by drawing, brushwork, modelling, basket-making, netting, and other such things, all which are delightful to the learner. He must do a great deal of mental arithmetic, and learn such mathematics as he can with the aid of models: fractions for example, weights, measures, coinage.

At nine or ten I would begin French, taught phonetically. Experiments have been made by our staff as to the age for beginning French, and we find no advantage in beginning earlier: those who began at seven or eight were in about the same stage at twelve as those who began at nine or ten.

We also tried Latin at this stage, taught on the same principle: we found that both Latin and French suffered, and we therefore dropped it. At twelve



I would begin Latin; from this time on there will be at least a lesson a day given to mathematical subjects, and two or three lessons a week to natural history, until the physics and chemistry begin. Of these subjects I shall say little more, but confine my attention chiefly to the languages. English subjects, it will be seen, still have more than twenty lessons (of three-quarters of an hour) a week, singing, drawing, and handiwork being continued as far as may be. By fourteen, the boy of average ability will be at about the same stage in Latin as in French, because, being more mature and trained, he gets on faster. Here the boy who is meant for business takes German: the boy who is meant for the university takes Greek. At sixteen the former class of boy may leave; the latter is ready for the sixth form, when he drops his French as a class subject, taking German instead, but keeping up French for his use and amusement by reading it; about two-thirds of his time is now given for three years to any special subject he may take up, and the literary or mathematical and scientific work to balance it may be arranged to suit each case. By nineteen he has had what I venture to think is a liberal education, and can enter the university without calling for Mr. Benson's criticism. He will not, I venture to maintain, write school jargon instead of English, nor will he lack in the power to arrange ideas and reason justly. The clever boy, who has arrived at the last stage by fifteen or even fourteen years of age, will compete (and does compete) with success for open scholarships in his own subject. And in winning his scholarship he will not have sacrificed his intellectual quality: he will have a thorough knowledge of English, French, and German, and, better still, he will have learnt how to learn.

Such a result, however, depends not a

little on the method. As I have already said, the direct method is the only one that can give first-rate results. That method does not, as our critics so often say, consist of nursery prattle, neglecting grammar or exact knowledge; on the contrary, it teaches grammar and scholarship by use, both in speech and in writing, and attains a very high standard of accuracy at every stage; this it is in brief—that each language is taught alone and through itself, translation from it into English and from English into each language being the final stage, and not the intermediate means.

I very much dislike saying so much of our own experience; but it cannot be helped, because when I do not refer to experience, but only state principles, I am told at once that it is easy to prophesy. One critic has gone so far as to say that no one would ever adopt such methods until they had been proved to be right, which is as much as to say no one would ever go into the water until he had learnt to swim. They have, however, now been found to be right, and there is no excuse for any one who refuses to examine the proofs. My own desire is solely to improve the conditions of education in England, and it would give me great pleasure if I could avoid mentioning my own school.

Here, then, you have an alternative to Humanism without Latin. On the one hand is negation and destruction; on the other hand is construction. Many points of difficulty still remain to be cleared up; faults in plenty remain, but there is no reason why they should not be cleared away by honest and persistent endeavors. We need more brains in the work, and first-rate brains; I will not say the brains of a cabinet minister, as men used to say, but the brains of a judge. If the able men in the scholastic profession would set their minds to it, instead of shut-



ting their eyes to facts or indulging in complaints, it would not be long before the intrinsic merits of the classical  
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training should become once more as clear as they were in the days of Pitt.  
W. H. D. Rouse.

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### THE MAGIC OF THE MOUNTAINS.\*

Mr. Brett James's anthology, which comprises prose as well as verse, is a curiously and pleasantly miscellaneous compilation in which the modern jostles the medieval and the classical and the ephemeral stand side by side. Old Conrad Gesner, for example, is elbowed by Mr. A. E. W. Mason; Longfellow is sandwiched between Mr. Francis Gribble and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson; Rousseau figures in close proximity to Miss Braddon; substantial slices from the works of John Ruskin are quickly succeeded by solid blocks of the eloquence of the Rev. G. B. Cheever, that most exuberant of American divines. The volume, in short, is one which may help us, though help from other sources may also be required, to form some idea of the circumstances in which poets and other emotional writers and men of taste came to reconsider their attitude towards mountain scenery. Of old they shrank from it as from something hideous and horrible; nowadays they gush over it. That is the well-established fact, stated as briefly as it may be; but when we look for the explanation of the fact we find many theories. According to some, it was the Romantic movement in literature that ushered in the change; others represent the new point of view as a by-product of the French Revolution; a third school, anticipating the advertisements of the tourist agencies, attributes it to the increased facilities of locomotion provided at the time

when Napoleon made the Simplon and the Faucille roads.

The association of the love of mountains with Romanticism, simple and plausible as it sounds, derives curiously little support from either the proceedings or the enthusiasm of the most conspicuous writers of the Romantic school. The Romantics strictly so-called dwelt in cities, travelled little, and certainly did not climb. The Paris pavements rang under their heels for the greater part of their lives, and they thought it a long way from Paris to Berry or Fontainebleau. The writers whom one classes as their predecessors wandered further and more frequently, but did not, with the sole exception of Rousseau, feel or profess any enthusiasm for the mountain barrier which blocked the road to Italy. Mme. de Staël, when taken to Chamonix to see the glaciers, inquired what sin she had committed to merit the punishment of such a pilgrimage, and compared the Swiss mountains to the bars of a convent excluding her from the world. Chateaubriand, whose place in the Romantic movement is even more definite than hers, apologized for mountains. They are useful, he says, as "the sources of rivers, the last asylum of liberty in an age of slavery, and a barrier against the horrors of war"; but he protests that their utility does not make them any the more agreeable to look at, and specifically insists that they are no suitable resort for philosophers. How, he demands, can you philosophize where you cannot walk without fatigue, and where the fear of

\* "The Charm of Switzerland." An Anthology compiled by Norman G. Brett James. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

falling down the hill monopolizes your attention? And he works up to this generalization:—

There is only one circumstance in which it is true that the mountains inspire a disregard for the troubles of the earth; and that is when a man retires from the world to devote himself to the religious life. An anchorite who consecrates himself to the service of humanity, or a saint who wishes to meditate in silence upon the greatness of God, may find peace and joy in the midst of the rocky wilderness. But it is not the quiet of the wilderness that passes into the soul of the hermit. On the contrary, it is the souls of the saints that exhale serenity in the midst of storms.

There may be a certain advance here upon Goldsmith's complaint that in Scotland "hills and rocks intercept every prospect"; upon Dr. Johnson's pronouncement, after his tour in the Highlands, that "this uniformity of barrenness can afford very little amusement to the traveller"; upon Bishop Berkeley's confession that, when he crossed the Cenis, he was "put out of humor by the most horrible precipices"; upon Richardson's judgment, in "Sir Charles Grandison," that at Lans-le-bourg "every object which presents itself is excessively miserable"; or upon Burnet's description of the Alps and Apennines as "undigested heaps of stone" which "have neither form nor beauty, neither shape nor order, no more than the clouds in the air." The advance, however, is not very perceptible, and other writers, untouched by Romanticism, had anticipated Chateaubriand in making it. Saussure had done so, for one. Ramond de Carbonnière had done so for another; and Ramond's is the name to be invoked by those who wish to associate the love of mountain scenery with the French Revolution. He was really a climber—a practical man who invented a new kind of crampon, and a mountain gymnast who

accomplished several first ascents. He wandered first in the Alps and subsequently in the Pyrenees in the years immediately preceding the Revolution. His head was effervescing with the ideas out of which the Revolution sprang; and in his "Alpine Book," published about the time of the fall of the Bastille, he wrote, as has been said, "as Rousseau might have written if Rousseau had been a mountaineer," inspired by what to Johnson was only "uniformity of barrenness" to enthusiasm for new hopes and high aspirations. In a very different spirit from the ordinary eighteenth century traveller, to whom mountains were only an obstruction to be overcome on the way to smiling plains, he wished that he could build himself a hut above the snow-line and so contemplate the forces of Nature during their hours of riot:—

What a spectacle it would be [he writes] when the storms of autumn descended upon the place, as though it were their own peculiar domain; when the fleet lizard and the mournful crow, sole dwellers in this wilderness, had fled before them from the heights; when the light and powdery snow, falling from slope to slope, and blown from rock to rock, had swamped the whole waste beneath its capricious billows; when the mountain peaks, wrapped in impenetrable mist, had disappeared from view! What battles then! What whirlwinds! . . . And what a stillness when the skies no longer thundered, and winter victorious at last had no more battles to fight; when the pale sun only appeared in the dark heavens to throw a sidelong glance upon the frozen peaks, and in the long gloom of the nights the moon seemed to draw near to pour upon them, with its beams, the piercing cold of the skies, passing sorrowfully over their wildernesses, as though over the tomb of Nature, and sympathizing with places that lay tranquil with the peace of death.

That is the modern note, as modern as anything in John Addington Sy-

monds, sounded, if not for the first time, at least more emphatically and definitely than ever before, in the year 1789, in the writings of a man imbued with the ideas of 1789, and shortly about to bear a hand in the translation of those ideas into practice. Enthusiasm for the ideas and for the scenery evidently had some common main-spring; and we may take it that Ramond, like some others—like Jean-André de Luc, the first climber of the Buet, for example—thought of the mountain fastnesses as the last fortress of simplicity and primitive virtue in a corrupt and decadent world. He took refuge in the mountains much in the spirit in which Elijah took refuge in the wilderness; and, like Elijah, he heard a still, small voice there bidding him to be of a good courage, and look forward hopefully to the time when "the great ones of the earth will need the support and the suffrages of the nation in order to be sure of their greatness."

He was only able to hear that voice, however, because he was a climber, sufficiently at home in the mountains to be able to attend to their message without being distracted by that "fear of falling down the hill" by which we have seen Chateaubriand haunted; and that fact brings us to our third and last point—that enthusiastic appreciation of mountain-scenery depends, in the last resort, upon the possibility of getting to it and moving about in it without excessive danger and discomfort. In recent times good roads and good hotels have brought this possibility within the reach of all. In the eighteenth century and earlier they were only within the reach of a few hardy individuals who had sturdy legs and the spirit of adventure, and did not mind getting cold and wet. The early travellers whose sneers at the mountains we have quoted were, for the most part, soft and luxurious persons who would never have gone

near the mountains at all if the mountains had not blocked the road to Italy; but they were not the only travellers of their time; and those of their contemporaries who ventured among the mountains in a more enterprising spirit, and were not perpetually troubled about their frozen toes, admired the prospects very much as we do to-day. The real contrast, in short, is not between the points of view of the romantic and the matter-of-fact, but between the appreciations of the men who were afraid of the mountains and the men who were not afraid of them. For instance:—

I have been on the Mount of Jove; on the one hand looking up to the heavens of the mountains, on the other shuddering at the hell of the valleys, feeling myself so much nearer heaven that I was sure that my prayer would be heard. "Lord," I said, "restore me to my brethren, that I may tell them that they come not to this place of torment." Place of torment, indeed, where the marble pavement of the stony ground is ice alone, and you cannot set your foot safely; where, strange to say, although it is so slippery that you cannot stand, the death into which there is every facility for a fall is certain death.

That is how Master John de Bremble, of Christ Church, Canterbury, writing to his sub-Prior, describes a passage of the Great Saint Bernard in the year 1188. He crossed it, as we see, in abject terror, and consequently had no eyes for the grim and savage beauty of his surroundings. Many other early mountaineers, however, being in less peril, or being less conscious of the perils that they were in, unmistakably anticipated the admiration commonly claimed as the characteristic of a later age. There was, for example, the Seigneur de Villamont, who toiled to the top of Roche Melon in 1588. "I forgot," he tells us, "all the labor I had undergone, and felt my soul filled with joy incredible." Then there was René

le Pays who got to Chamonix in 1669, and described his adventures in a letter to a lady. "Madame," he wrote. "there is nothing in the world so magnificent as these mountains; when the rays of the sun fall upon them the different surfaces which a quaint nature has given to their ice flash back the light of this beautiful luminary in so many fashions that you seem to see a thousand suns of different colors." Thirdly, there is Petrarch, who ascended Mont Ventoux, in Provence, in 1335, and has recorded that he carried a copy of the "Confessions" of Saint Augustine in his pocket, and that his "soul rose to lofty contemplations" on the mountain-top. Fourthly and finally—though the list of quotable instances is not really exhausted—there is Conrad Gesner.

Gesner, from whose writings Mr. James gives two quotations, was a pupil of Plattner and a Professor of Philosophy at the University of Zurich; and he actually, at about the time of the Reformation, climbed mountains for no other reason than because he liked to do so. If he climbed nothing more formidable than Pilatus, that was because, like a wise man, he kept within the limits of his powers so that avoidable fatigue might never prevent him from enjoying. The ascent of Pilatus, after all, demanded some exertion in those days before the paths were made; and the exertion, be it noted, is accepted by Conrad Gesner in the true modern spirit as part of the fun. This is how he expresses himself:—

I have resolved, for the future, so long as God suffers me to live, to climb mountains, or at all events to climb one mountain every year, at the season when vegetation is at its best, partly for the sake of studying botany, and

*The Times.*

partly for the delight of the mind and the proper exercise of the body. For what, think you, is the pleasure, what the joy of a mind, affected as it should be, to marvel at the spectacle of the mighty masses of the mountains, and lift up one's head, as it were, among the clouds? The mind is strangely excited by the amazing altitude, and carried away to the contemplation of the great Architect of the Universe. . . . Cultivators of philosophy will proceed to contemplate the great spectacles of this earthly paradise; and by no means the least of these are the steep and broken mountain-tops, the unscalable precipices, the vast slopes stretching towards the sky, the dark and shady forests.

That again is the modern note; and it is modern in another sense than the passage taken from Ramond—in the sense, one may almost say, of the Alpine club-man. It associates mountain scenery, that is to say, not only with intensity and exaltation of feeling, but also with the sensuous enjoyment of the healthy man who delights in being out of doors; and a little further on we find yet another modern idea—the conception of the mountains as a place of peace, far away from the dust of the strife, where the excitements and dissensions of the plains hardly matter. The first appearance of this sentiment is commonly supposed to be in Bourrit, who preached a sermon on the subject to a company of guides assembled on the Montanvert. As a matter of fact, Conrad Gesner had it as early as 1555:—"There is nothing here," he wrote on Pilatus, "to annoy the ears, nothing to importune them—no tumults, or noises from the cities, no brawls of men at strife. Here, from the lofty mountain crests, in a deep and solemn stillness, you will seem to hear the very harmony of the spheres."

## WEST INDIANS AT HOME.

## I.—AN INTERVIEW WITH MY COOK.

I stepped down from the back gallery on the way to the kitchen with my pencil and note-book in my hand ready for the daily encounter with the cook, known by her as "counting the basket."

"Good morning, Victoria."

"Marnin', Madam," comes the answer in a despairing tone, as she puts a chair ready for me.

"You are very late this morning; it is after nine o'clock."

"Believe me, Madam, de trubble I has—de fish is dat scarce. So much f'ousand people does be wantin' de same little piece—and ye has ter take so much abuse. But I get a nice fish for ye from de creature." This with an air of having done me a great personal favor.

We go on counting, as she points first to one little heap of purchases, and then another.

"But you haven't brought any to-matoes?"

"No, Madam; dey does be dear, dear. Dey is all out of fashion."

At last the counting is over, and I add up the result.

"You owe me six cents."

"No, Madam; count again, you has one cent for me."

So we go over it again, and as it still comes to the same amount, she remembers several extra things she says she had to buy yesterday afternoon, and it ends up by my having to give her the cent, though I know very well she is only "making a little on the basket," as they call it.

"I tink you would be please wid de nice Mammie apple I get for ye," she adds by way of smoothing over any slight feeling of dissatisfaction I might be so unreasonable as to be harboring.

"You know the saying: 'God made other people, but the Devil made the

cooks?'" I suggest; and she laughs heartily, in no way disconcerted.

As I turn to go, my eye falls on a nice-looking umbrella spread out to dry. It has a familiar look, and suddenly it dawns on me it is *mine*, my long lost umbrella with the beloved green duck's head handle.

"But, Victoria! that is my umbrella! the one I lost several months ago, and have been asking and asking about!"

"Dear! Madam! You *give* me dat parasol! You say to me: 'You can have dis one, Victoria,' one night it was wet, wet, and I ain't have no parasol to reach home, and afterwards I have it recover."

"I never gave it to you; I may have lent it. If you thought I gave it to you, why didn't you remind me when I asked you and all the other servants if they knew anything of my green-handled umbrella and macintosh cape which both disappeared at the same time? And how is it I have never seen it before, that is months ago?"

"I never tink dis de one you mean. I keep this for my Sunday n'use. You tink I would take it! No, Madam; I not a woman like dat. You give it to me; you mus' forget." This with an air of outraged innocence.

"I don't know how you could think I gave it to you. Have you got the cape, too?"

"No, Madam! Believe me ter goodness, I ain't know nuttin' 'bout de cape; nuttin' at all, at all. But you *give* me de parasol."

I begin to wonder if I could possibly have done so, and forgotten about it directly afterwards. But no, I should never have given that umbrella away, I know, for I had a real affection for it. However, Victoria is, or pretends to be, so sure, and says she has had it recovered—what can I do?

"Well, you must keep it now, but another time you must understand that when I lend a thing it does not become yours, just because I forget to ask for it back again."

"All right, Madam," in an aggrieved tone.

As I reach the house again, the housemaid, Blanche, rushes up to me with an excited air, "Madam, I hear about de umbrella, and I *glad, glad* you find it! I been praying ever since you ask about it dat you will fin' who take it, and de Lord show you! De one what got de umbrella mus' be have de cape too," she added meaningly.

"I don't wish to talk about it, go on with your work."

In the evening, when Victoria comes for the money for next morning's marketing, she reopens the question of the umbrella.

"I been tinkin' and tinkin' what you say dis marnin', and it hurts me in my mind very much. You tink I would *take* somethin' and then bring it back for de person to *see*? No, I not do dat."

At this point my husband interposes, saying, severely, "Well, cook, now be careful another time, and when Madam lends you something, *bring it back*."

"All right, Sir. Good night, Madam; good night, Mr. Williams." And the cook stumps away, a picture of injured innocence.

## II.—GEORGIE: THE FRUIT SELLER.

"Please, sah, Georgie dead. An' she ax yo' to help bury she."

I gazed at the big-mouthed black woman in astonishment.

"What," I gasped, "who did you say was dead?"

"Georgie self dead, sah." And then, seeing my blank expression, "Georgie, de woman as does sell de fruits. An' she tell me to see yo' 'bout de fun'ral."

Now I understood, for Georgie and I had been friends, and many a wordy chat had we had together what time

we did business over the contents of her fruit basket. And often had she besought my aid in times of financial stress and strain. This was her final appeal—a call not to be denied if her life was to be the complete whole she would have wished. For in the class to which she belonged even a decent and orderly life is valueless unless it be rounded off with a substantial and imposing funeral. Georgie could not have slept peacefully in her grave without the full rites of Holy Church and a tinsel brodering to her coffin. And for these it appeared she depended on the problematical proceeds of her now tenantless bed and mattress, items which her posthumous messenger informed me were "jus' wut'less."

Poor Georgie! For my part, she was welcome to the kind of funeral she would desire. No more, it is true, should I pay double the market price for one of her bananas; but then, no more should I hear her entertaining chatter and witty philosophy—assets which I am sure were as productive as the wares in her wonderful basket. Often her cheerful "Ma'nin', sah, any fruits to-day?" had broken lightly in on my day's work. Often had I been amused at her lithe little figure, barefooted and neat-ankled, her thin skirt gathered at her jaunty hips, and her bright eyes shining beneath the battered hat that drooped over her piquant brown features, as she kept a street corner gathering in bursts of laughter listening to her gay recitals. Her nose, retroussé to a degree, punctuated her wit. Her hands and arms were as expressive as her tongue. And her versatile sauciness, bred, I am afraid, of the gutter, had been known to put to rout two policemen. The first time I had the pleasure of meeting Georgie, I overheard her address her somewhat negro-lipped neighbor with the request "Haul in yo' mout' an' le' me pass."

Changeable and excitable in temper-



ament, whilst usually alert and vivacious, she had at times, like other people, her "mauvais quart d'heure." And then woe to the foe, or friend, who crossed Georgie's path. Often have I seen and heard her engaging in heated quarrel: never have I known her to be worsted. Possibly from want of education, possibly from want of opportunity, her opponent could never vent such a stream of effective Billingsgate as the fruit-seller. I still remember her argument with the black Barbadian fish-woman, which, with its appreciative audience, blocked my way completely and kept me waiting ten minutes outside my office-door. "Yo' looks ain't deceptive," yelled Georgie, "in trut', yo' blank black nigger, yo' looks ain't deceptive. Yo' looks lousy, an' you is lousy." And the cheers of the crowd proclaimed such victory for my friend as finished the battle and at last enabled me to reach my own sanctum. But if Georgie's temper was easily roused, it quickly spent itself. Her ill-humor was childlike in its durability. And half-an-hour later she and her friend of the fish-basket were sharing an amiable rum together. I knew, for it was at my expense.

Perhaps it was to this versatility of disposition, this sunniness of temper after storm, that Georgie owed her immunity from the iron rule of the law. For seldom have I known her to be arrested, though often enough she deserved it. But once she fell grievously, fell in a sudden outburst on another woman's hair! And it was a poor-looking figure, a draggled and tear-stained Georgie, that insinuated itself into my office at a quarter to one o'clock on that black day, explaining that a cruel and mistaken magistrate had ordered her to produce ten silver shillings before the hour struck, or go to jail for fifteen days. At first I was indifferent, but Georgie in the next ten minutes exhibited such depth and breadth of

character, such wealth of resource, as she argued, begged, sneered, cried and laughed by turns, that I had to capitulate and "lend" half the necessary amount. By the time this had been arranged it lacked only five minutes of the appointed settlement, and Georgie had still five shillings to seek. Yet she did not go to jail.

Georgie was a great church-goer; and regularly as Sundays came round, those Sundays, that is, on which her stock of finery was enough to satisfy her exacting judgment, she would go through the same performance. On top of her head, on which the short plaits of black wool served merely as tags through which to jab hat-pins, she would perch a hat of the gayest ribbons and feathers that cheap millinery could devise. Her angular little figure would be clothed in a dress that fitted nowhere in particular, but was of the shiniest satin covered with the commonest lace. And her feet, themselves hard as leather, must be crushed into the most mincing of new-fashioned boots. Thus attired, with a cheap, stiff silk underskirt, Georgie would arrive at church always late, and then positively *rattle* up the aisle to the front—and the louder the rattle, the prouder was Georgie. Behind would walk her little boy, also in boots, with prayer-books for both, hugging in his arms her bright cotton parasol.

Poor Georgie! It is not as smothered in your cheap trappings that I shall remember you. No, nor as the virago of the market-place, the sharp-shooter of the wits of the side-walk. But I shall look forward to seeing you again some day with your sunny temper and your bright eyes. And meanwhile, I shall think of you as flitting down the streets of the shadow world, yourself a shade, offering the passers-by your cooling fruit with the refrain I know so well, "Good ma'nin', sah, any fruits to-day?"

## CONVENTION.

The disease of paradox-making is very prevalent, but where it has become fashionable it may be regarded as becoming, and it may therefore be carefully caught. To lack the disease may be thought a sign of unenlightenment. Even the parsons however have developed symptoms, and their sermons "sparkle." This method of instructing the people would have horrified the orthodox of the last generation; but after all it makes things "go." Altogether it appears that we shall gradually reach the time when a platitude will be regarded as wonderful and strange. Already a popular speaker can cause quite a thrill by suddenly remarking that time flies. In any case either method of speech appears sufficiently easy. Paradox and platitude may each have their day: "the paradoxes of one generation are the platitudes of the next," and meanwhile the truth lies between. For truth is like the meat in a sandwich, between one fashion of speech and another. As in the style of speech so also in the manner of life, fashions vary in different sets and in different ages. At present there is a rather amusing fashion of unconventionality. Ludicrous people who have nothing to do that is worth doing spend their time and thought upon what they call "defying" convention. It may be true that conventions are absurd, but it is more absurd to honor them with defiance. Don Quixote, if he were not such a lovable character, would simply be jeered at for tilting at windmills because he hated giants. The laughter of the world is surely reserved for those who make a new convention of defying convention.

It is fate. There is no use in complaining about it. We are all of us more or less conventional. Some of us are conventional in wearing hats, and

others are conventional in going without. There are conventions of language, of dress, of belief, and of action. And the convention of one corner of the world is quite original in another. You should see the Italian peasant laugh at the delightful originality of the staid British matron. If you do not spit in an Italian village, you are peculiar, and perhaps enlightened. The careful introduction into drawing-rooms of spitting would be quite original. In fact, as soon as you begin to do anything you may be starting a new convention; and if two people do the same thing the world is already in the grip of an established custom. You can gain a reputation for unconventionality by behaving like a coster in a drawing-room, or by reversing the process and talking of fashions in a public-house. And so long as unconventionality is regarded as a sign of enlightenment, any fool can disguise himself as a genius. But it is to mistake the shadow for the substance if we take unconventionality for the essence of enlightenment. Some people confound Jesuitry with genius, and mistake obscure speech for wisdom.

The truth is that genius is sometimes unconventional and wisdom is sometimes obscure. We tend to make an accidental accompaniment into an essential quality of genius. The only justifiable kind of obscurity is that which is accidental, and the only reasonable unconventionality is that which is unconscious. To spend a thought upon being original is to destroy real originality: to study unconventionality is to be hopelessly conventional. One has to put it in the external form of paradox, or no one would understand it nowadays. But now everyone will say that this is clever. The truth of it however lies underneath the paradox.

In one sense, to be conventional means to say what we do not quite mean and to wear what everyone else wears or to do what everyone else does. It is quite easy, without change of custom, to be original by simply going round the corner, for "everyone else" only means our own particular set, since almost everyone lives in a corner of the world. But why should one not say what is not quite meant? It saves time and trouble, and most people are too busy with their own thoughts to analyze and parse your sentences. Why should you not say that it is a fine day? It sounds nice, and it is simply like tuning up for real conversation. Tastes differ, but some people prefer a remark on the weather to the ghastly pause that precedes an epigram. Again, why should you not wear what everyone else wears? It has been carried too far in our black-and-white generation, but is not dress a kind of "protective coloration"? Butterflies avoid being eaten by looking like dead leaves: grouse change their coat with the season and the color of the ground. So also we may see the real genius completely disguised as an average man. He is happy in his disguise because then he can talk in peace and not see people alert to catch wisdom. Men are wiser in their generation than women, although women may be more artistic. You could not tell from most men's dress whether they had any ideas in their heads or not. This is the wiser plan, for ideas can easily be bought nowadays, and your dress may be quite original, but the originality may be the dressmaker's. So men have given up all attempts at originality and disguise themselves as an average. The greatest men are not those who wear blue hats because they once had a brilliant idea, but those who keep many ideas under a common bowler. Of course to dress artistically is the ideal; to dress unconventionally is the

absurdity, for art is not necessarily strange.

Very often a genius has the effect of being unconventional simply because he does not notice how other people dress. But that is no virtue in him; it is simply an unfortunate, perhaps a necessary, limitation. To be unconventional of set purpose is to catch a disease with care or to adopt a deficiency. To wear one's heart on one's sleeve argues it rather a common thing: anyone who can "express himself" in a dress cannot have much of a self to express. On the other hand, conventionality often means something more than merely following the fashion in dress or language. It may mean that we allow this fashion to take the place of our real selves. There are perhaps bodies that we take for human beings, walking about Piccadilly, which are really only automatic clothes-pegs. There are charming voices reciting at dinner-tables the vagaries of the weather which are really sounds from a kind of decorative gramophone. With all these fashion has taken the place of an individual. Protective coloration is all very well, but even disguise should involve that there is something more there than what we can see and hear. We may be very certain that conventionality of the extreme sort is despicable and hateful. It is the source of the just complaint against convention. But in fact this merely means that convention may be misused, and it in no way justifies a gospel of unconventionality. Like all good things, conventions may be dangerous. They are however absolutely beneficent so long as they are unconscious. Just as manners learnt out of a book are not manners at all, so a convention which does not come naturally is conventionality. The natural ways of dressing and talking follow a rule, but it is a rule into which one should grow, not a rule to be laboriously studied. The worst of "ra-

tional" dress and "rational" food is that there is often so much less reason in them than there is in the traditional. Disraeli said of the self-made man that he was always praising his Maker; and so the advocate of the "rational" is often only praising his own very limited reason.

No true view of life can utterly exclude all uses of convention. Everyone must be conventional: it is the nature of the human animal. The only sane problem, then, is how to be correctly conventional. And this appears at least to be true in answer that we must be unconscious of convention. Conventions are not merely unfortunate necessities; they are the very bases of vital morality, just as we are not unfortunate in possessing bodily appetites, for these are the crude forms

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of the same force which makes our most sublime aspirations. True morality grows out of habit, and therefore has its roots in the unconscious rather than in the conscious. To be always poking at your conscience, to be always searching for the reason of everything you do, is waste of time. The place of convention is subordinate, though it is nevertheless important, for human life is not a simple but a subtle thing, and any ideal worthy of our labor must be complex. Such an ideal we have before us to-day. Modern life does not give us any possibility of those simple absolute ideals which men once pursued. Our ideal man cannot be simply an ascetic or a warrior or a revolutionary or a respecter of custom, but perhaps he will be something of all these.

*C. D. B.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Some day some maker of worthless statistics will compute what number of Washington monuments might be built from all the editions of American novels about the American boss: it would certainly be much larger than the number which could be constructed of all the "Lives" of Washington himself. Pending the arrival of this valuable estimate here is Mr. Henry Russell Miller's "The Man Higher Up," with a boss who intends to be honest, falls from grace and redeems himself amid general applause. The story is rather long, and occasionally falls into sentimentality, but it has many good passages and comes up to the average standard of its species. The scene is "the Steel City," of which any child can guess the name. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The foreign spy is an accepted piece of machinery in the fiction of the year,

and in Mr. Harold Macgrath's latest book, "A Splendid Hazard," he is amazingly active and efficient, penetrating the very chimneys of private houses in a foreign land, and ferreting out secrets concealed in the shabbiest and most innocent looking trunk. He works for France, but aims at general benevolence, and treats his opponents as gently as is compatible with thwarting them. For the rest everybody in the tale is familiar with the literature of pirates, buried treasure and missing heirs to thrones, and is prepared for anything and not surprised even when violently assaulted, or neatly tied up and laid down to await the convenience of his assailant. Thus, although provided with all the apparatus for a tale of slaughter, the story proceeds to a happy ending with all its personages contented and many of them highly pleased with their pros-

pects. The conversation is amusing, and Mr. Howard Chandler Christy's pictures are excellent. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

It would not be easy to find anywhere a more delightful anthology than Miss Lucy H. Humphrey's "*The Poetic New-World*" (Henry Holt & Co.). It is dainty in typography and binding; the covers are of green and gilt, appropriately decorated; and they are lined with pictures, showing at one end the New York sky-scrapers by night, and at the other the Grand Cañon. Between these decorations are grouped poems of places, east and west, north and south, which are noteworthy either for natural beauty or for personal or historic associations. Miss Humphrey has not overlooked the elder poets,—Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Bryant and the rest are all represented; but with their poems are grouped many from younger and less-known poets, and selections not to be found in other anthologies. Such a poem as Florence Wilkinson's "*Niagara*," to mention a single example, is a boon to readers who are weary of conventional verse. But one may open the book anywhere and come upon poems which are really worth while. The book is a companion volume to Miss Humphrey's "*The Poetic Old World*," but, good as that was, this has a livelier and more concentrated interest.

Professor John Dewey of Columbia has made a book of eleven of his recent lectures and magazine papers, giving it the name of the first, "*The Influence of Darwin upon Philosophy*," and students of contemporary thought, either in the abstract, or as applied to any art or science, will find it full of interest and will perceive that more than one of its papers is to be classed among those making the history of their favorite subject. Once, the effect of such a

book would have been visible in the pulpit of all denominations, permitting free choice of subject in sermons nominally intended for the diffusion of the gospel; once it would have been served up in half a dozen forms in every newspaper of any weight, and would have penetrated to the "departments" of pulverized wit and wisdom. To-day average readers are too busy with being good citizens, discussing their diseases, political, economical, physical, and psychical, to criticize philosophy, and Professor Dewey will be little read by those not decently qualified to judge him. In this he is fortunate, and there is no doubt of the gratitude and pleasure with which his essays will be received by the fit, who are by no means so few as they were in the days of Darwin himself, or even in the days of Spencer, or ten years ago. Henry Holt & Company.

Twenty years ago the United States knew a forester chiefly as belonging to the profession of Robin Hood's father, who "shot with a lusty, strong bow," carrying about as far as a Prospect Hill cannon in the Revolution; then Mr. Kipling introduced his readers to the Indian forestry service, and an omniscient member thereof with a most delectable broken German attachment, and then "all at once and nothing fust," came raging concern as to dying forests, drying river basins, the general destruction of prosperity, and then swiftly the present moment when the forestry service has more than its share of the lime light; but general individual knowledge of forestry has yet to come. One of the missionaries bringing it is Mr. B. E. Fernow, Professor of Forestry in the University of Toronto, and he bears with him a volume entitled "*The Care of Trees in Lawn, Street, and Park*," a work in which he presents, gathered from a multitude of sources, the knowledge

necessary for the service mentioned in the title. He is assisted by over a hundred excellent pictures, and he provides a brief list of books on cognate subjects, lists of shade trees and ornamental trees, and of shrubs, and lists of plant material adapted for special service, by robustness of constitution, by colored foliage, twigs, blossoms or fruit; by blooming out of regular season, by endurance of shade or resistance to smoke, or by toleration of various soils. The first two chapters give the reader about as much botany and ecology as the ordinary school course, and the next four instruct him in the care and preservation of trees, and in the toll of preserving them from parasites. "Care of Planting Trees," "Esthetic Forestry" and "Care in the Choice of Plant Material" follow, and make a work necessary to the family library of every man owning any more good land than may be contained in a flower pot. It is a possession for life and it is to be hoped that public librarians and school librarians will soon discern its value. Had such a work been current half a century ago the United States would be much healthier and wealthier and wiser to-day, but to continue in the phraseology of wise saws, it is never too late to mend. Henry Holt & Co.

From the depths of that ignorance in which they entirely understood the man of Japan and explained him to their children, Americans have risen to that plane of comparative wisdom upon which their concept of the Japanese is an aggregation of many doubts, and two convictions, the latter being that the people upon which they forced their acquaintance something more than a half century ago is both brave and clever. Here they pause, with minds more or less open, and moods differing according to temperament, and they will read Mr. E. Phillips Op-

penheim's "The Illustrious Prince," in a mood far more receptive than they could have brought to its consideration even as late as ten years ago. It is Mr. Oppenheim's way, when he wishes to disseminate a political opinion, to make it an essential part of a very carefully written novel and "The Illustrious Prince" appears to be one of this species. In it one sees a Japanese noble as devoted to his country as was the late Prince Ito and sees him govern his personal conduct with as much respect for English and Christian ideas as an especially courteous missionary to the frozen North might exhibit for Esquimaux tribal customs, and occasionally one hears him speak of himself and of his country, and speak in accordance with the latest knowledge which the white man has of the Asiatic. It must be understood that both acts and words are parts of an interesting and romantic story, and that it is almost possible for an ignorant unpatriotic Englishman or American to read it, and see nothing else in it. To an Englishman or an American who has ears to hear it is one more voice added to those already raised in warning against a popular conduct of life making a merit of playing games properly, annually devoting scores of hours and millions of money to playing games, to racing, hustling, and yachting: and allowing its boys to grow to manhood unable to shoot, ride, or even march in defence of their country. Mr. Oppenheim makes his plea very skillfully and perhaps he brings nearer the day when Mr. Kipling's "Army of a Dream," may become a reality. Meanwhile his Japanese Prince and his double are highly creditable specimens of their race, the double being even better than the Prince, and the war of wits between them and the English and American authorities is highly interesting. Little, Brown & Co.